



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
E-Yearbook.com

<http://www.archive.org/details/oracle1907mans>

GEN

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 01853 6497

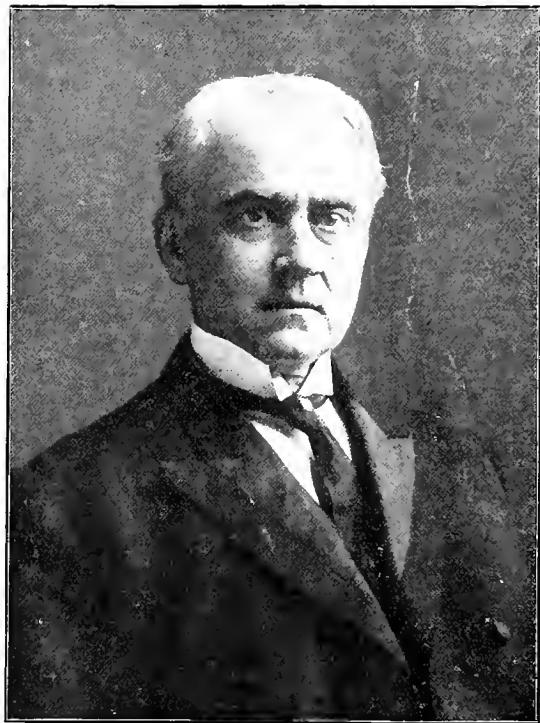
GC
977.102
M31MHR,
1907

THE ORACLE

VOLUME I

THE ORACLE

PUBLISHED BY THE
SENIOR CLASS OF THE MANSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL,
MANSFIELD, OHIO



To Charles Liggett Van Cleve

our esteemed Superintendent this
first volume of the ORACLE
is sincerely dedicated.

EDITORIALS

IN abandoning the Moccasin, we have no intention to cast discredit upon it or upon those who so successfully managed it for the past few years but rather have attempted in this, the first Mansfield High School Annual, to give a broader, more general view of our school and school life.



WE aim to arouse interest in our various organizations and display something of the literary and artistic ability of the pupils. We have tried to produce a volume which will not, after a hasty perusal, be relegated to the attic or permitted to suffer a sadder fate, but instead become that part of the home library which in after years will be mused over and bring back sweet memories of the High School days.



WHATEVER we have attempted to do, here is what we have done. We hope you will be satisfied. We are even so assuming as to hope that those who scoffed at our sign—"This is our busy day."—will be convinced that it was only a partial sham.



HAVE mercy on our faults, be blind to our blunders and put on your rose colored spectacles where those blunders appear. We are not Solomons, nor do we pretend to be. We have simply tried to do our best.



AND right here we wish to express our sincere thanks to those teachers, pupils and advertisers, who, by their advice and contributions; have made possible this publication.

IF, perchance, you should notice in the halls five morals whose hairs are streaked with gray, whose brows are deeply creased, beneath the glassy stare of whose projecting visionaries you fairly quake; from whose lips you hear inexplicable mutterings, whose hands are clenched in fierce intensity and whose whole figures vividly portray symptoms of the first stages of insanity, take no notice. They are only—

the Staff.



T H E O R A C L E

5



Mansfield High School.

A Bit of School History

EVER since the days of settlement and of the little log school houses the education of their young people has ever been the first and dearest interest of the people of Mansfield. The excellent schools and school system of the city stand as witnesses of this enthusiasm for culture and higher education.

Did Andrew Coffinberry, the first teacher in the township, have any thought that the efforts of himself and his early successors would result in our schools of the present day?

Unfortunately the written records of the progress and advancement of education were destroyed by fire in 1871. Nevertheless it is known that the pioneer schools sustained by voluntary subscription were for a few years maintained. These proved inefficient and the first school was built in 1818. Several more quickly followed this but each under separate management. It was not until 1855 that they were united and a school board of three came into existence. Alexander Bartlett was placed over them as the first superintendent and also as principal of the new High School.

After serving for one year he was succeeded by H. Merrell, who was in turn succeeded by W. Catlin. The latter filled the position efficiently for four years. J. H. Reed and Henry M. Parker followed in quick succession, each serving for one year. In 1873 Henry Parker resigned and John Simpson stepped into the position. During Mr.

Simpson's administration the affairs of the schools were especially prosperous. The present High School was built while he served. After an uninterrupted service of twenty years he was succeeded by James Knott. E. D. Lyon, who was principal of the High School under Mr. Knott, was next chosen to fill the superintendent's position and served efficiently until 1901.

Then Dr. Thomas Vickers entered into the duties of the superintendent and served for one year. Under him Mr. H. E. Hall, the present principal, entered upon his labors among us.

At the beginning of the next school year Mr. C. L. Van Cleve, the present official, undertook the management of the schools. During the years 1904 and 1905 the High School building was made twice as large by a much-needed addition on the west end. This was equipped with two large study rooms, an excellent commercial department, a basket ball room, a drawing department, a rest room, and three other recitation rooms. A fine heating system was also added. It came into use in the spring of 1905.

Ever increasing numbers are yearly pouring in as Freshmen while the graduating classes have grown in a surprising degree. Out of these classes such a large proportion enter college that the Mansfield High School can well challenge any other of its size in the state to show as admirable a record.



Lower Hall and Stairway.

Our Superintendent

A leader in all advanced movements and a man of strong personality is Superintendent Van Cleve.

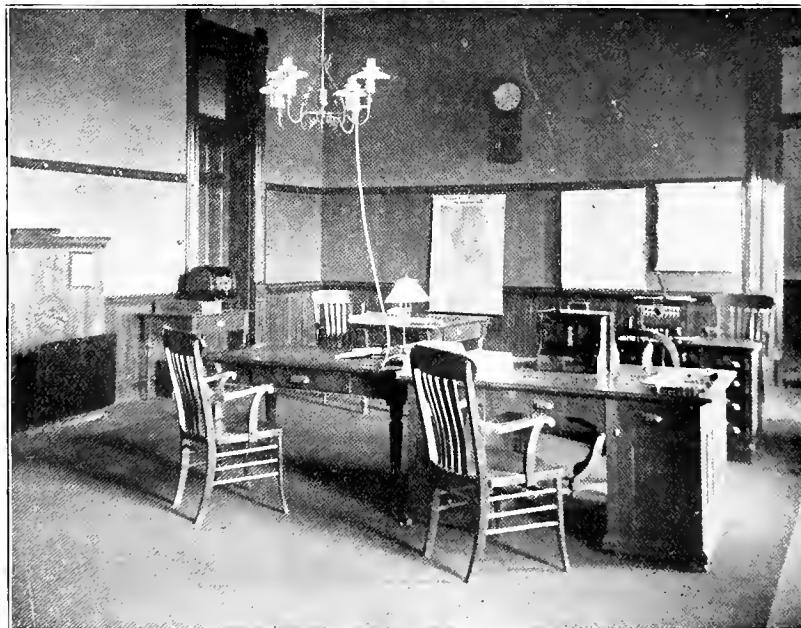
Charles Liggett Van Cleve was born at Ripley, Ohio, Feb. 27, 1858. He prepared for college at the High School of Wilmington, Ohio, graduating from that institution in 1876.

In September, 1876, he entered the Sophomore class at the Ohio Wesleyan University graduating with the degree of A. B. in 1879 and receiving the degree of A. M. in 1882. He was a post graduate student in Clark University during the summer of 1901 and 1903.

In 1879 he began his teaching career as principal of the schools of Spring Valley, Ohio. He taught in Findlay, Ohio, District No. 9, from 1880 to 1882. From 1882 to 1884, he taught at South Charleston, Ohio.

As superintendent, he directed the educational policy of Troy, Ohio, from 1884 to 1902.

Since 1902 he has been the superintendent of the Mansfield Schools. Patrons, teachers and pupils are convinced that he is the man for the place, and that he will work unceasingly for their interests.



General Office of Superintendent.

As a recognition of his worth and standing as a schoolman, he has been elected president of the Ohio State Teachers' Association, for 1907. For many years he has had a wide experience as an acceptable institute lecturer. Work is the law of life with him as with every successful man.

Much more could and should be said of Superintendent Van Cleve, but when interviewed upon the matter, he asked that only the bare facts appear which are used in the sketch.

FACULTY



The Faculty

WE are told that the object of government is to secure the greatest good for the greatest number. All ages and races have had their problems to meet but all have not been equally fortunate in having master minds to solve them.

Millions are yearly being expended for the advancement of general education. Rockefeller's gift of thirty-two million and Carnegie's of almost as much are the most noteworthy recent donations for higher education and will be greatly appreciated by those who can afford to take advantage of what is there offered.

But the greatest good for the greatest number is secured through our public school system. The lessons we learn from our books are not of prime importance, those we receive from our daily associations with our teachers and fellow students have, perhaps, a more broadening effect.

What a blessing are they conferring who are adding stone upon stone to this great bulwark of our nation whose foundations, imbedded

in the thirteen colonies themselves, are too broad and deep ever to be shaken. The very simplicity of the structure adds to its grandeur. The best men and women make the best teachers and theirs is the responsibility that our nation in the future may sustain itself as well as in the past.

Our superintendent and his efficient corps of assistants have placed the students under obligations that cannot be repaid in a material way. It is they who have made our school what it now is—one of the foremost in Ohio. Our High School was never more prosperous, has never reached a higher plane, has never been held in greater esteem by pupils and parents.

The graduates of our High School enter by certificate most of our best colleges, and show by their work, both there and in the business world, how well our High School has equipped them.



Mr. Harlan E. Hall

was born in Muskingum County, Ohio, in 1870. He attended the country schools, afterward teaching in them for six years. He then took the teachers' course at the National Normal University at Lebanon, receiving the degree Ph. B. Afterwards he attended Scio College and Boston University. After teaching Science in East Liverpool High School for three years he was elected teacher of Science in the Mansfield High School and two years later was promoted to the principalship.

Mr. Hall, in addition to devoting considerable time to Summer Schools and Teachers' Institutes, has found time for the editing and publication of an extensive volume in the ten-volume series on the "Natural History of Ohio."



Miss Bertha Ruess

graduated from the Mansfield High School. She has taken Chautauqua courses and a Pedagogical course at O. S. U. Miss Ruess holds a state life certificate in Ohio and is a member of the board of control of the state Teachers' Reading Circle.

She has taught in the Mansfield Public Schools and since 1894 has had charge of the German department in the High School.

*"None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."*

Miss Margaret K. Feldner

graduated from the Mansfield High School. Since then she has attended Summer Schools at Grand Rapids, Mich., and at the Michigan State Normal College. She has taught in the English and German departments and is at present a teacher of German in the High School. Miss Feldner has been Secretary of the County Institute and County Secretary of the Ohio Teachers' Reading Association.

"Her mind her kingdom and her will her law."

**Miss Helen A. Simpson**

graduated from the Mansfield High School, attended Wooster University and then Cornell University, receiving the B. & L. degree in 1891 and the Master's degree in 1892. She studied in Paris in 1898 and 1899. She has taught in the Mansfield Schools and is, at present, a teacher of English Literature and French.

"She uttereth piercing eloquence."

**Miss Mary Aberle**

graduated from the Mansfield High School. She has taken Pedagogical courses in O. S. U. and has spent three summers at the Harvard Summer School. One summer she spent at the Cedar Point Lake Laboratory of O. S. U.

At present she teaches Elementary Science and History in the High School.

"Her soul within her eyes."

Miss Mary C. Soyez



attended the Mansfield High School. She received the B. A. degree at Denison, and has done post graduate work at the University of Chicago, counting toward a Masters' degree.

Miss Soyez has confined her teaching to Mansfield and, at present, teaches Latin, Greek and History.

"There is a gift beyond the reach of art, of being eloquently silent."

Miss Helen T. Brown



received the elementary education in the Lexington schools. She attended Wooster University two years, and received the degree of B. A. from the Pennsylvania College for Women. She has attended three summer schools at Chautauqua, and one summer at Harvard.

Miss Brown has taught in Mansfield entirely and at present teaches Latin in the High School.

"To dazzle let the vain design, to raise the thought and touch the heart be thine!"

Miss Emily M. Abbott



graduated from the Mansfield High School in 1899, and from Oberlin College in 1903 with the degree A. B.

She taught a year in Mansfield, and two years in Urichsville High School. This year she teaches English and Algebra in Mansfield.

"So calm, so steady, so true was her nature."

Mr. J. M. Holmes



has attended several Normal schools, Newark Business College, Columbus Business College and Zanerian Art College, Columbus, Ohio.

He taught eight years in the public schools of Ohio, two years in Business Colleges of Indiana and Pennsylvania; eight years in the High School, Bradford, Pa., one year in Canton High School, and has been since 1905 head of the Commercial department in the Mansfield High School.

"A tender heart; a will invincible."



Miss Kate S. Moore

graduated from the Felicity High School and continued her education at the Ohio Wesleyan University. She was assistant principal at Covington, O., from which place she came to Mansfield to take a position as teacher of Mathematics in the High School.

*"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low
—an excellent thing in woman."*



Miss Lucy R. Stine

graduated from the Mansfield High School in 1900, and from Oberlin College in 1904, receiving the degree of A. B. Since then she has taught in the Mansfield Schools and is at present a teacher of History and Civics.

"While she captivates, inform the mind."



Mr. C. D. Carpenter

graduated from Bronson High School in 1901, attended Hillsdale College, 1901-2; Michigan State Normal College, 1902-3 and 1904-06; graduated from the Life Certificate course in 1903 and received the B. Pd. in 1905 and the A. B. in 1906. He was principal of the Ontonagon Schools, 1903-04; assistant in Chemistry in the Michigan State Normal College, 1905, and has been instructor of Physics and Chemistry in the Mansfield High School since February, 1906.

"Education is the only interest worthy the deep controlling ambition of the thoughtful man."



Mr. Austin K. Allen

graduated from Millbrook Memorial School, 1900, Brown University, 1904, A. B.; 1905, A. M.

Since 1905 he has been instructor in Mathematics in the Mansfield High School.

*"In Geometry wise, for he could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and southeast side."*



Miss Llena M. Swaim

attended High School at McArthur, and afterwards was a student at Rio Grande, Delaware College, Chicago University, Michigan University, and Harvard Summer School.

Miss Swaim left her position in the Troy High School to come to Mansfield and take charge of the Rhetorical work.

"High erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy."

Mrs. Jennie C. Downend

graduated from the Mansfield High School. She then took a Normal course in Art of Prof. L. S. Thomson, of Perdue University. She was later a member of several Prang Art classes in Chicago, and also studied Normal training in the Art Institute of that city. In Mansfield she took private lessons in many departments of Art, and in Cleveland studied landscape painting. She has been director of Drawing in the Mansfield Public Schools for the last fourteen years.

"Ane we no ken."

Miss Jessie McIlvaine

Assistant in the Superintendent's office.

"She has a kindly spirit and a friendly air."



Miss Dorothy Waugh

graduated from the Mansfield High School. She studied in Oberlin College over a year. In Ypsilanti Normal School and in Chautauqua she took several summer courses. She has taught in the Mansfield schools for thirteen years and is at present general substitute as well as the Principal's Assistant,

"Those about her from her shall read the perfect ways of honour."

Miss Elizabeth Custer

attended the Mansfield High School, and graduated from Delaware College in 1900 with the degree A. B. She spent the year 1901 in Hanover, Germany, studying.

The past three years she has taught in the Mansfield High School in the English department.

*"To those who know thee not
No words can paint!
And those who know thee, know
All words are faint!"*

Miss Matilda Snyder

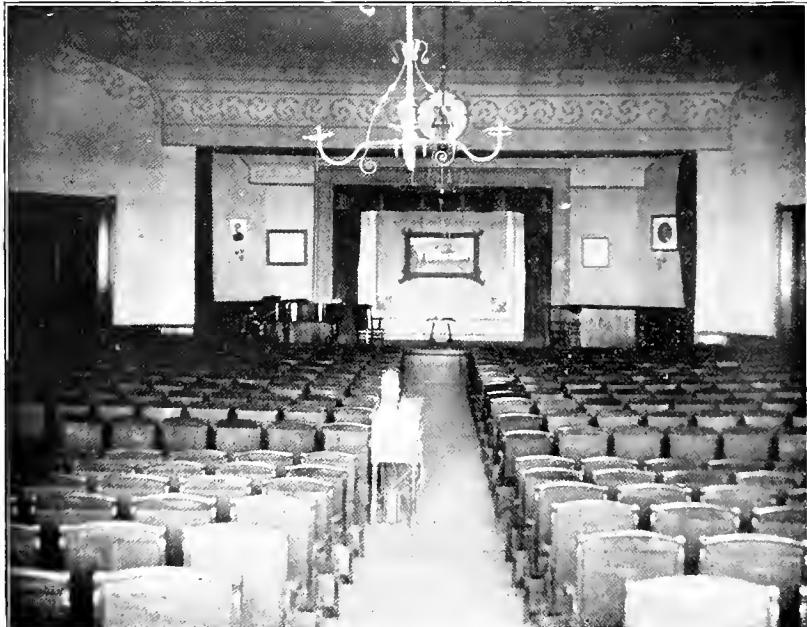
graduated from the Mansfield High School and from the Oswego Normal School, and took several courses at the Chautauqua School. Miss Snyder has traveled extensively, having spent a number of her summers in travel. She was Principal of a ward school in Mansfield and for some time instructor in Mathematics in the High School.

"Virtue alone is happiness here below."

Albert Bellingham

Instructor in Music.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."



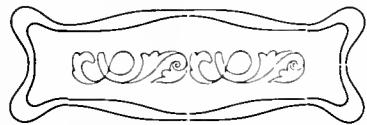
The Auditorium.



Upper Hall and Entrance to West End

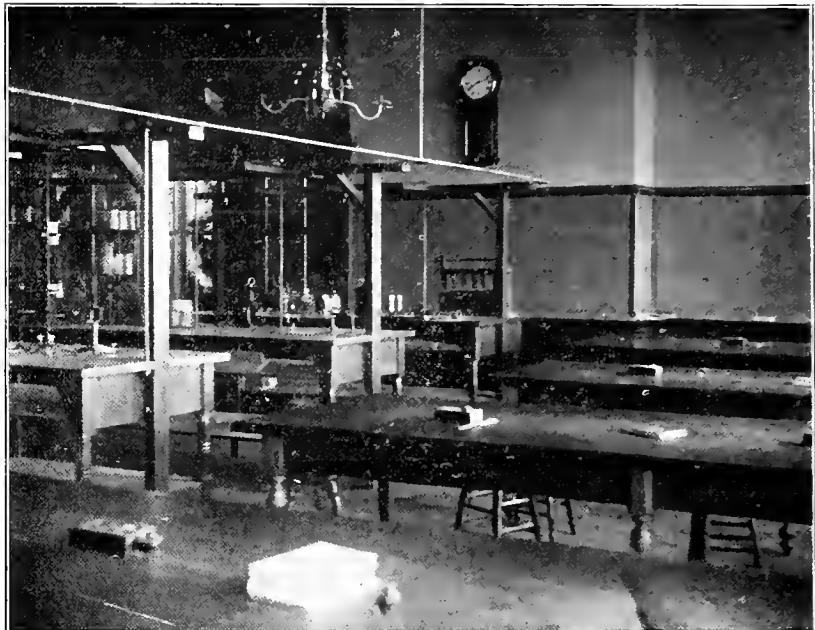


Principal's Office





Private Office of Superintendent



Physics Laboratory

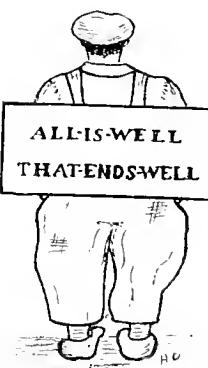


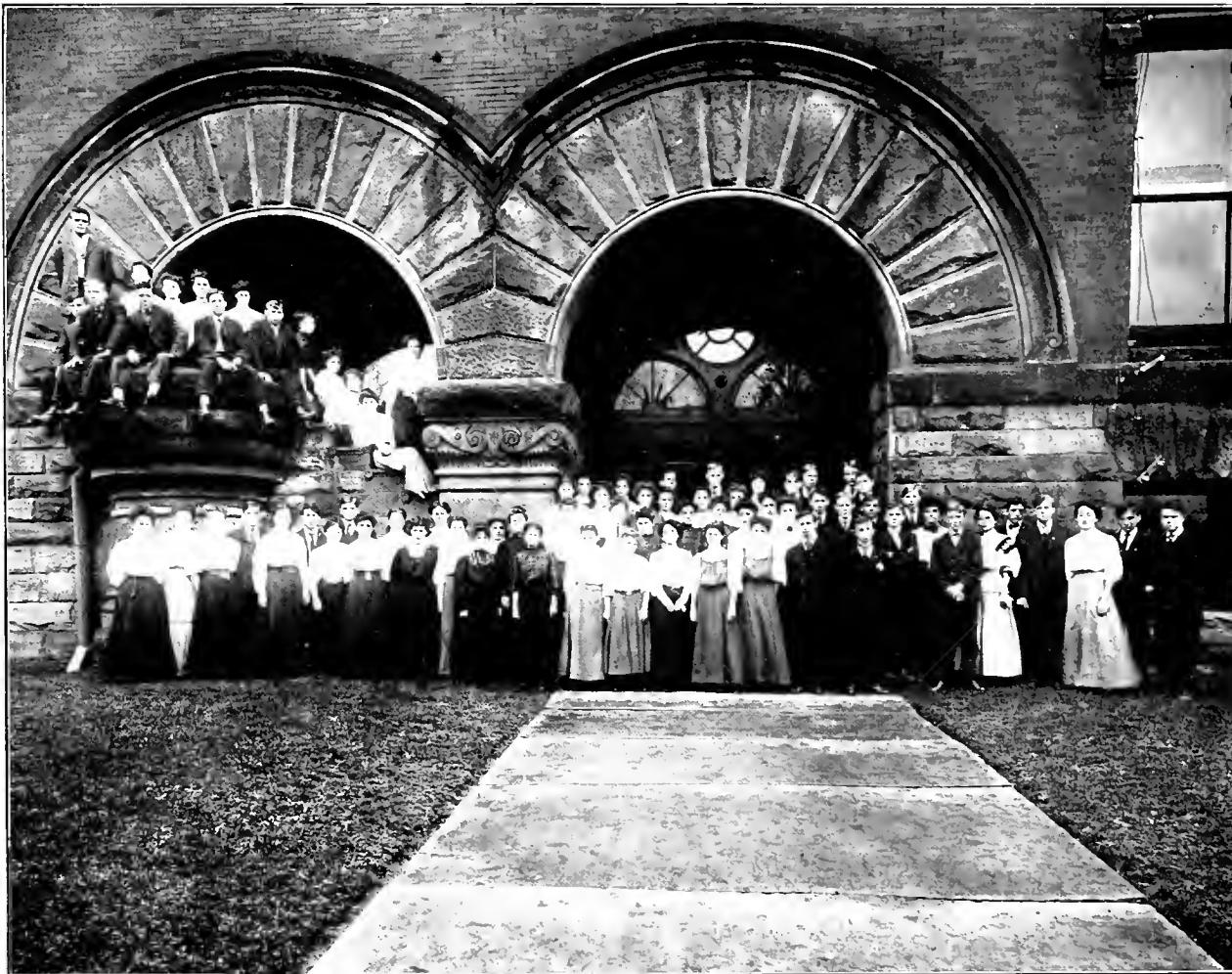
Class Officers

President RAY SAWHILL
Vice President MABEL H. WARD
Secretary MAUDE CUNNINGHAM
Treasurer HERBERT FRASER
Sargeant-at-Arms LOUIS BRUNK

MOTTO: Out of School Life into Life's School.

COLORS: Dark Green and Gold.





Senior Class



Edward Abbott—

“I do not like this fooling.”

Walter Armstrong—

“Hear thy stormy music of the drum.”

Grace Baughman—

“If nae-body cares for me
I'll care for nae-body.”

Robert Burns—

“If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be?”

Jacob Brown—

“One of the few immortal names that were not born
to die.”

William Bristow—

“I'm little but I'm mighty.”

Louis Brunk—

“He is a tower o' wisdom and silence.”

Augusta Bevans—

“Always gayest of the gay.”

George Buchan—

“ Men of few words are the best men.”

Leona Calvert—

“ A friendly heart, and many friends.”

Guy Creveling—

“ And when a lady's in the case
You know all other things give place.”

Mary Cave—

“ Care to our coffin's adds a nail, no doubt,
And ev'ry giggle so merry draws one out.”

Maude Cunningham—

“ No really great man ever thought himself so.”

Helen DePue—

“ A graceful and pleasing figure.”

Mary Dew—

“ What I won't, I won't and there's an end on't.”

Mary DeYarmon—

“ The embodiment of perpetual motion.”

Bernice Dowdle—

“ The noblest mind the best contentment has.”

Florence Coss—

“ She is in constant good humor.”

Mary Engwiler—

“ My mind to me a kingdom is.”

Herbert Fraser—

“ I envy no man that knows more than myself,
but pity them that know less.”

Olive Fisher—

“ Whence is thy learning?”

Harriett Ford—

“ Full many friendships
Has this maid begun.
Of ladies many,
But of men—but one.”

Luella Finney—

“ She seeks diligently after knowledge.”

Walter Greisinger—

“ There's advantage in inches.”

Rex Gilbert—

“ To live long it is necessary to live slowly.”

Zoda Greenlee—

“ On their own merits, the modest are dumb.”

T H E O R A C L E

Gordon Gray—

“ As proper a man as one shall see in a summer's day.”

Frank Gross—

“ For he's a jolly good fellow.”

John Harris—

“ Much study is a weariness to the flesh.”

Mary Haverfield—

“ Cares not a pin
What they say, or may say.”

William Hammett—

“ He is divinely bent on meditation.”

Ruby Howenstine—

“ A kindly quiet spirit, where malice finds no home.”

Alma Hegnauer—

“ Her smile is like a rainbow, flashing from a misty sky.”

Helen Hossler—

“ Stately and tall she moves through the hall.”

Laura Hoover—

“ The truly generous is the truly wise.”

Mabel Hammett—

“ A constant spring bubbling over with laughter.”

Marjorie Hurxthal and Mary Meyer—

“ The long and short of it.”

Malva Hall—

“ To judge this maiden right,
Right well must you know her.”

Elizabeth Kipp—

“ A winning way, a pleasant smile.”

Edith Lautsbaugh—

“ Woman's at best a contradiction still.”

Mae Longsdorf—

“ Thy pathway lies among the stars.”

Laura Leonard—

“ Her air, her manner all who saw admired.”

Harry Massa—

“ There's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness.”

Nellie Mecklem—

“ Of all the girls that e'er were seen,
There's none so fine as Nellie.”

T H E O R A C L E

25

Jessie Mentzer—

“ So womanly, so benigne, and so meek.”

Don Maglott—

“ He had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief.”

Ralph Miller—

“ My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.”

Frieda Massa—

“ Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.”

Gladys Mengert—

“ For what she will, she will, you may depend on it.”

Mabel Miller—

“ Howe'er it be it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good.”

Jeanette Martin—

“ She was a modest one.”

Mabel Norris—

“ In each cheek appears a pretty dimple.”

Vera Oswalt—

“ Is she not passing fair?”

Fry Old—

“ A man of mark.”

Walter Palmer—

“ What should a man do but be merry.”

Mary Piper—

“ Poetry is the music of the soul.”

Jeanette Platt—

“ Quiet, gentle, still.”

Dora Potter—

“ She would talk, ye Gods, how she would talk!”

Emmett Price—

“ Most of the great men have been diminutive in stature.”

Estelle Ralston—

“ Her bark is worse than her bite.”

Louise Remy—

“ Deep brown eyes running over with glee.”

Margaret Ritter—

“ She is a good friend to good friends.”

Fanny Roberts—

“ Blest with the charm, the certainty to please.”

Bertha Richards—

“ Thy deep eyes amid the gloom
Shine like jewels.”

Ruby Runyon—

“ Thou hast no faults or I no faults can spy.”

Maude Reynolds—

“ As merry as the day is long.”

Ray Sawhill—

“ I am not in the role of common men.”

Helen Sauerbrey—

“ You’re uncommon in some things,
You’re uncommon short, for instance.”

Harriett Snodgrass—

“ Her looks do argue her replete with modesty.”

Eleanor Sloane—

“ Thou seem’st to enjoy thy life.”

Eloise Sloane—

“ What sweet delight a quiet life affords.”

Helen Shireman—

“ Fickle as Fortune’s wheel.”

Esther Them—

“ There is no truer hearted.”

John Todd—

“ I hate nobody.”

Mabel Ward—

“ Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain
of all virtues.”

Kathleen Willis—

“ Those dark eyes—so dark and so deep.”

Dan Wolff—

“ I am as sober as a judge.”

Eugene Ward—

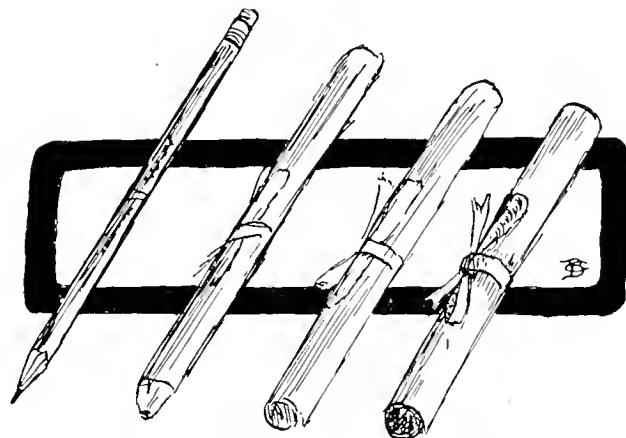
“ Proud as Lucifer.”

Eleanor Weaver—

“ Fashioned so slenderly.”

Stanley Young—

“ I fain would climb but that I fear to fall.”



Evolution of the Pencil

History of '07

THAT bright September morn in 1903 when with joy and trembling we wended our way to Mansfield High School to begin our sojourn there! Is there one among us who has forgotten it? Smiles of superiority greeted us from every side. However we determined to say nothing and let time show what we could do. A few of our number, bolder than the rest, determined to make themselves known by such acts as walking in upon a class of giggling Sophomores or dignified Seniors, and by performing athletic stunts upon the stairs. The rest of us went about it more slowly and in a more quiet way. That we have succeeded is shown by the fact that we hold the envious title of Seniors.

No longer are we looked upon with scorn. Ah, no! Quite the opposite. Our rough edges have been worn off. Our greenness is a thing of the past. All eyes are centered upon us with pride and awe.

From various causes our number has dropped from one hundred and eighty to eighty. For all this we will be the largest class to graduate from Mansfield High School.

The class organized in its Freshman year and actually held two meetings. However each year has brought forth the necessity of more numerous meetings until now the jingle "A Class Meeting in Miss Aberle's Room," is not always a welcome one.

In social affairs we have held our own. The marshmallow roast at Roseland, and the reception tendered the Senior Class of '06 were

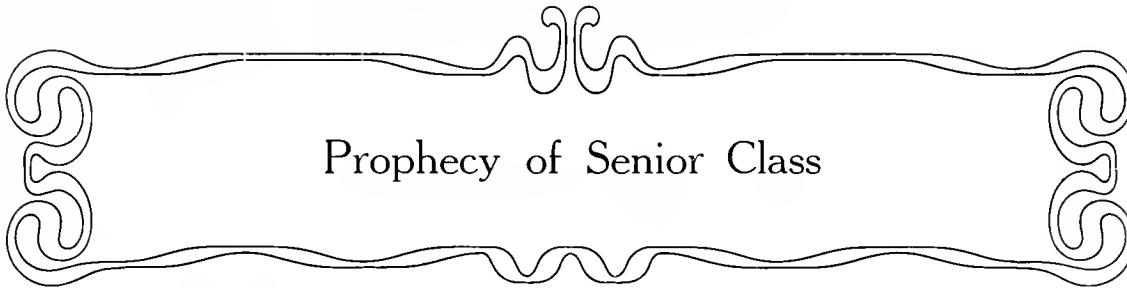
the social events of our Junior year. This year has been marked by the reception tendered us by the Juniors, a very enjoyable affair.

Athletics have declined. Both foot-ball and field day have been abandoned. Basket-ball alone remains. We have not been as well represented along this line as some previous classes, but we have done our best.

In music we have been a shining light, having shown more talent along this line than preceding classes. The band which, resplendent in green and gold uniforms, caused our hearts to thrill when freshmen, is a thing of the past. The orchestra, however, has been the means of bringing out a larger amount of musical talent. Nor do we fall behind in vocal music.

Graduation on June 7th will bring the history of '07 to a close. The class motto "Out of school life into life's school," will hold true. As we start out to fight the battles of life, may we struggle successfully. But no matter what degree of success we may attain nor in what clime we shall be, our thoughts will always return to the happy days spent in Mansfield High School and our interest in her will never grow less. We leave her beloved walls on the most friendly terms with the faculty, the under-graduates and with harmony among ourselves.

MAE LONGSDORF.



Prophecy of Senior Class



New York, April 1, 1925.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—We are at last started upon our greatly anticipated journey around this great sphere of ours. After leaving you at Toronto, we stopped at Providence for a glimpse of our school friend Mary Haverfield, now a famous prima donna with Caruso in a revival of Salome. We enjoyed the performance immensely and after it we had an interview with Mary. She told us that her old bosom friend Mae Longsdorf held a very prominent position on the New York Herald as war correspondent in the Chinese-American war, which is creating so much havoc in the east.

We arrived at New York to find the automobile which we had purchased for the trip across the continent, completely equipped for the journey. And how surprised and delighted were we to see the smiling face of Rex Gilbert peering out at us from beneath the chauffeur's cap. As we wended our way through the crowded streets for a last look at

the city, an elegant hansom passed us in which sat a beautiful young woman. Rex gave us the rather startling information that the object of our admiration was none other than Vera Oswalt who is now enjoying the enormous results of her latest book, "Daily Aids in Virgil." This book is very popular with the young people of this day.

Well, mumsie, the chauffeur tells us that time is pressing, so I will write again from Washington.

Lovingly,

SUE.

Washington, D. C., April 4, 1925.

DEAR DAD:—We are at last in our beautiful capitol and are trying to snatch a few minutes rest in our rooms, overlooking Pennsylvania Avenue. Much has happened since my last letter.

From New York we went direct to Buffalo, where, along with John Todd and wife, nee Jeannette Platt, on their honeymoon, we attended a lecture given by the much admired lecturer, Malva Hall. She spoke on "The Advantage and Necessity of a Course of Physics in Our High Schools," and, although we disagreed with her, we admired the masterful way in which she spoke on her subject. After our greetings and congratulations we bade our friends farewell and hurried on to Philadelphia where we met Eugene Ward, now famed as the greatest writer of love lyrics of the age. We had dinner with Eugene and his wife, formerly Edith Lautsbaugh, who proved to be a very charming hostess.

As we were entering Washington, we had an accident, and while waiting for repairs, Stanley Young, a renowned lawyer, drove past.

This afternoon the President, Emmett Price and his wife, Estelle Ralston Price, gave a small reception in our honor. This and other

T H E O R A C L E

functions which we attended enlivened our sojourn in the city and we enjoyed the little taste of the social life of our government officials.

In a few minutes we start for Mansfield making only one stop and that for breakfast at Wheeling.

Hastily,
NAN.

Mansfield, Ohio, April 6, 1925.

DEAR MOTHER:—We are at the old home shopping and being entertained.

At Wheeling, while we were breakfasting, a distinguished looking gentleman entered and seated himself opposite us. It was Dan Wolff. We had quite a chat with him and as we were leaving we saw him enter a carriage which bore the trade-mark of "Dr. Wolff's Patent Medicines and Flexible Hairpins."

We arrived in Mansfield at about ten o'clock and rested until afternoon when we were delightfully entertained at a pink tea by Walter Greisinger.

After luncheon on the following day we took a spin out through the parks; you would be surprised to know how this vicinity has been built up. Near the entrance to the park is a beautiful home (property of Mary Meyer) the sides of which are artistically decorated with paintings done by Zoda Greenlee.

We stopped at the home of Dora Potter and Ruby Howenstine for tea. It is a quaint, pretty, little place set well back from the street. The girls seem quite contented in spite of the rumors that the matrimonial bureau could do nothing for them.

We visited Gladys Mengert at the sanitarium where she is recuperating from a severe attack of brain storm. She is having the best care possible, however, under the direction of Dr. Herbert Fraser, the head of the institution.

For a few minutes this evening we stopped at Jake Brown's dancing academy, formerly Hawkin's. Jake was as graceful and lightsome as in the old days. Here is a surprise for you. The dear old Mansfield

High School has gone to rack and ruin. It met its downfall through the terror of our old high school days—the demerit system.

But enough of this for we must be off.

Ever yours,
SUE.

Chicago, Ill., April 1925.

DEAR POPSIE:—Chicago at last. What a busy, hurrying, seething mass of humanity and industry, and what a change from the smaller places which we have been through. Traveling south from Mansfield we entered Columbus where we spent a few hours with Guy Creveling who is conducting a pleasure resort at the New Inland Lake, extending over the southern part of the state. This lake is the result of the earth's crust caving in caused by the extraction of natural gas, oil and coal from the interior.

From Columbus we hastened to Cleveland. Here we met Margaret Ritter now the able principal of the foremost High School of that city. We also saw Mary DeYarmon and Louise Remy, the influential leaders of the Salvation Army.

As we were nearing Chicago we passed through a beautiful little suburb where every one seemed so supremely happy. Our chauffeur told us that it was presided over by Elijah III, known to us as Edward Abbott. They say he has great persuasive powers and as we did not wish to become entangled in the new religion, we hurried on.

Arriving in the great western metropolis we dined with John Harris and wife, nee Kathleen Willis, social leader of Chicago. Walter Armstrong was one of the party and stepped daintly about with a monocle screwed in one eye and was seemingly very popular with the opposite sex.

John told us that William Hammett was creating quite a furor in frenzied finance by his monopoly in denatured alcohol. We also met Grace Baughman, physical instructor at the University.

We are expecting to leave for St. Louis in about an hour.

Your loving daughter,
NAN.

Salt Lake City, April 15, 1925.

DEAR MAMMA:—Before starting on our trip over the mountains into California, we shall remain here for a few days' rest after our rough, tedious journey.

In St. Louis we were just in time to hear Laura Leonard proclaiming Woman's Rights in a clear, praiseworthy manner.

The next day being Easter Sunday we attended St. Paul's Episcopal church where we heard a cheery sermon preached by the portly rector, Rev. Gordon Gray.

We left, Sunday, for the South and at last wandered to New Mexico where we were hospitably entertained by Ruby Runyon, the wife of a ranchman. We laughed heartily when they told us that Nellie Mecklem and Harriet Ford were inhabiting the cliff dwellers' old homes and living on tablets of concentrated ozone.

Upon entering the dining room of a small hotel in a mining town on our way to Denver we rudely jostled a pretty little dining room girl. To our astonishment it turned out to be Mary Cave. From her we learned that the great actress, Mabel Hammett, was playing the leading part in "The Drummer Boy" and that she had taken the town by storm on her first night.

While in Denver we attended the Methodist church where we heard Frank Gross who was making a decided success as an evangelist. On the outskirts of the city is a medical college richly endowed by Bertha Richards. Here William Bristow has made the greatest name in America as the "Weigher of Souls." Rex explained that the difference in the weight of the body before death and immediately after gives the weight of the soul.

We ran across Ralph Miller, too, who is now founder and manager of the "Home for Disabled Pupils." He has benevolently founded this institution for those seized with nervous prostration from over study. He explained that he thought Mansfield sadly in need of one in our old school days there. His three chief nurses are Bernice Dowdle, Jessie Mentzer and Fanny Roberts.

Near here is a beautiful mountain upon which lives one of the Sloane twins and the other is situated in California on a mountain of equal elevation. These are connected by telepathy.

I certainly wish you could be with us as we traverse the Rockies. We will give details on our return.

From SUE.

Spokane, Wash., April 20, 1925.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:—Since San Francisco has been rebuilt from the awful earthquake of 1906, it is still more beautiful than before. We lunched with Olive Fisher and Frieda Massa. They are visiting here and have charmed all with their beauty and culture. They told us that Ray Sawhill was the prosperous owner of a lemon grove near Los Angeles.

We were on our way to the airship station when we collided with another auto. Fortunately no one was injured and we discovered that it was George Buchan eloping with a dashing Japanese girl. We gave them some advice and they went on their way rejoicing.

We reached the station in time to catch the two o'clock airship for Spokane. This line is operated by Harry Massa. We arrived here at 3:30 and found that we had time to call on Mabel Norris before taking the next airship to the North Pole. We found Mabel furnishing music transmitted by wireless telegraphy to a dance hall in Alaska.

Lovingly,
NAN.

North Pole, April 24, 1925.

MY DEAR PARENTS:—Brief letter on account of postage charged by the word.

Reached here in time to see Helen De Pue in comic opera at Papirkan theatre. Performance slightly delayed owing to absence of Eleanor Weaver, a member of the company. While out walking her shadow had become frozen and she had to wait until it could be scooped up.

Met Harriet Snodgrass. She is teaching stenography and typewriting.

Leona Calvert is owner of a bobsled factory; great demand for these sleds in Egypt.

Talk not cheap here, hence this speedy close. SUE.

P. S.—Be sure and send a check to St. Petersburg.

THE ORACLE

Paris, April 30, 1925.

MA CHERE MERE:—Gay, laughing, wicked Paris, but how beautiful and fascinating. It makes one feel like staying here forever. It is indeed a pleasing change from bleak, cold Russia. We spent a few days with Kavotchie Mary Engwiler, head of the Russian Republic. Maude Reynolds is the Keeper of the Dark Secrets and Custodian of the Grand Stairway.

We learned the sad news that Fry Old and wife, Helen Shireman, had been banished into Siberia for trying to bribe the Secret Keeper. The Kavotchie's palace is one of the most magnificent in the world and the government is patterned after Uncle Sam's. No stop of importance was made between Russia and France.

After luncheon here at a beautiful cafe' we decided to go shopping and replenish our wardrobe. Hailing a passing hansom imagine our surprise to find Augusta Bevans on the box. She speaks French like a Parisian. After a few minutes ride we alighted before one of the leading shops; entering, we were quickly conveyed to the sixth floor where we found Florence Coss, one of the leading modistes of Paris.

After purchasing a few gowns we returned to l'hotel for a short rest before starting for Spain. Just about two week and we will be on our native soil and how glad we will be to see the dear old home faces again.

Affectionately,
NAN.

Lulugamavergolazinbo, Africa.

DEAR DAD:—Well here we are in Africa and have seen some rough traveling since you heard from me last.

But to go back to Spain. We arrived at Madrid early and enjoyed a game of Bridge Whist with Elizabeth Kipp and Helen Sauerbrey, agitators of the new whist rules in Spain. Then up through France again and down to Venice, where we viewed the city from a gondola propelled by Walter Palmer, who looked very fetching and striking in his variegated Italian make up. In the evening we attended a concert at the Doge's Palace given by Mlle. Marjorie Hurxthal, who was taking the city by storm with her marvelously beautiful voice and winsome manner.

Going south to Rome we found Laura Hoover wandering about among the ruins and devoting a great part of the time to the study of the Latin poets.

In the morning we crossed the Mediterranean into Morocco, where we found Queen Mary (Mary Piper) wife of the new English King of that country. She entertained us royally. She told us that Alma Hegnauer and Jeanette Martin, living in their aerial palace which rested on the solidified atmosphere above the Sahara and invented by Louis Brunk, Ph. D., would be overjoyed to see us, but we had not time to stop. Then down we plunged into the wilds of the Niger valley and whom do you think we saw? Mabel Ward and Maude Cunningham, able lawyers, who, though established for ten years have never yet had a case. South of this we discovered Mabel Miller and Mary Dew devout and zealous missionaries and endeavoring to convert the natives to the use of Pear's soap and Dagget and Ramzel's cream. Enough of this region for us as we start this afternoon for England. Probably you will not hear from me again until we reach New York.

Ever yours,
SUE.

New York.

DEAREST MOTHER:—Home at last or nearly so. I can't tell you how we rejoiced when the good old Statue of Liberty loomed into sight.

We had a strenuous journey up into England but our weariness was soon dispelled by the cordial welcome which we received from Helen Hossler Buckley, Countess of Wickamshire, at her beautiful country home. She told us that England was having serious trouble in subduing the Irish Rebellion, headed by Robert Edmund Graham Burns, against the prohibiting of wearing American cut trousers and bow ties.

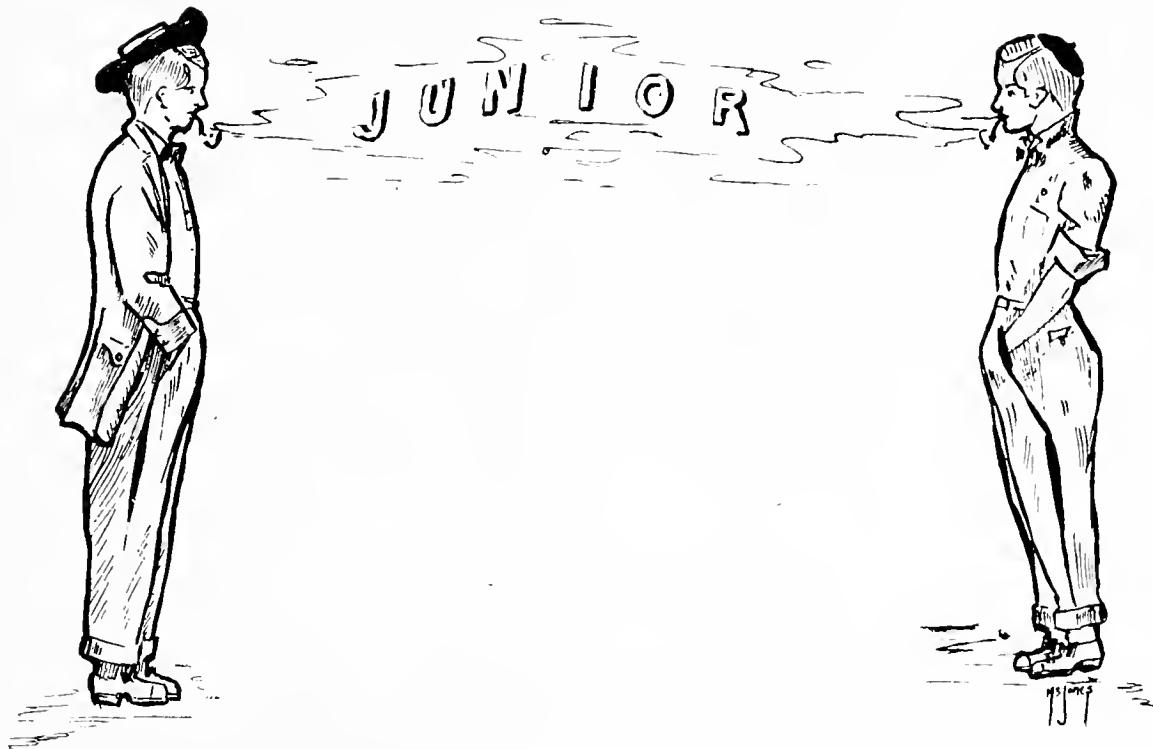
Helen accompanied us to Liverpool where we took the mammoth balloon, Terrestrial, captained by Don Maglott accompanied by his wife, Esther Them Maglott. We had a delightful trip and reached our destination safely.

Well, dad dear, I'm counting the hours until I will see you and show you the pictures of my dear old Mansfield High School class mates.

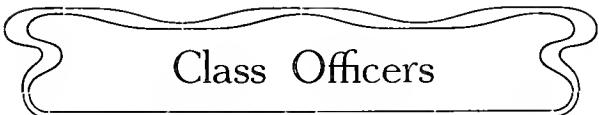
Your loving daughter,
SUE.

T H E O R A C L E

33



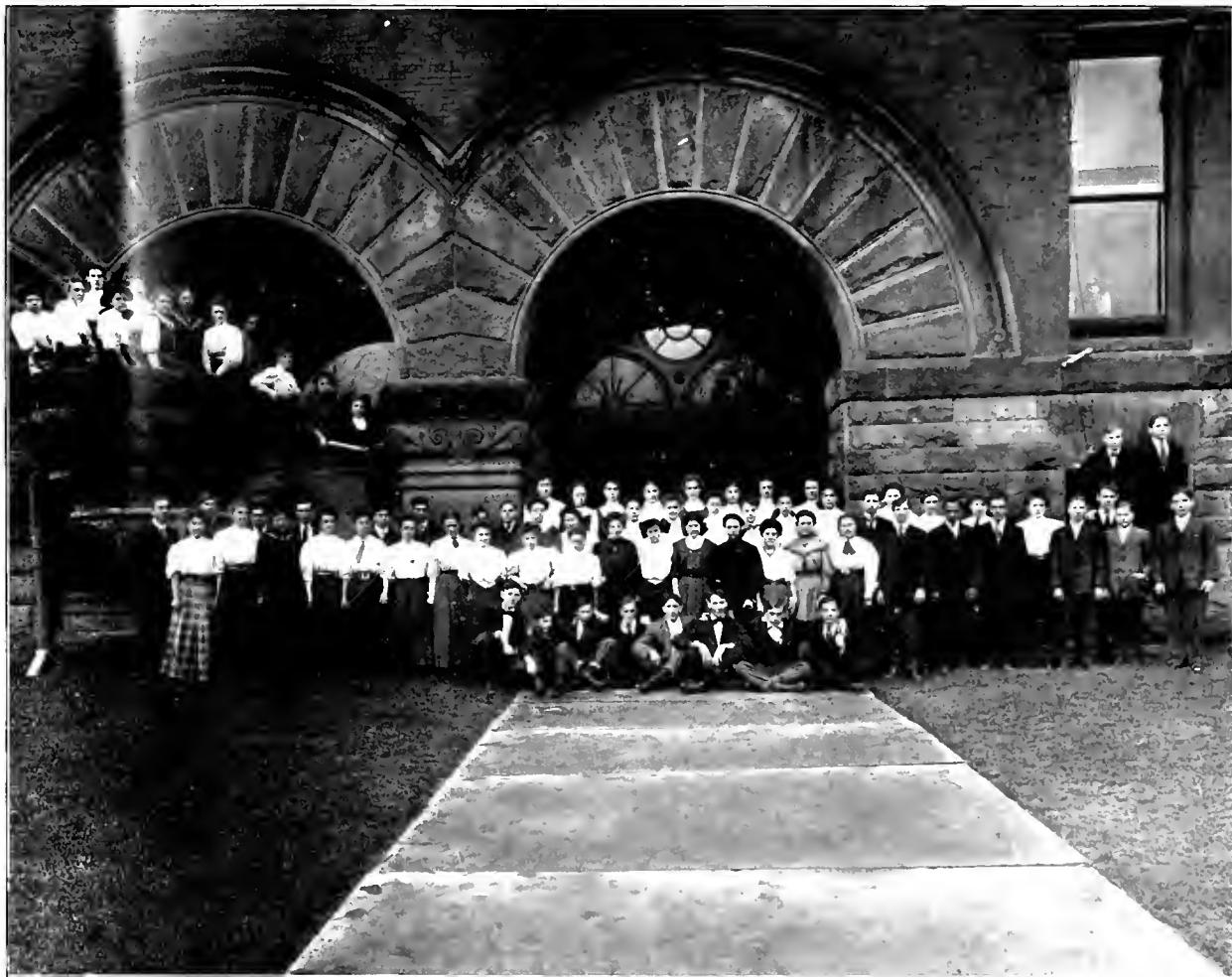
T H E O R A C L E

Class Officers

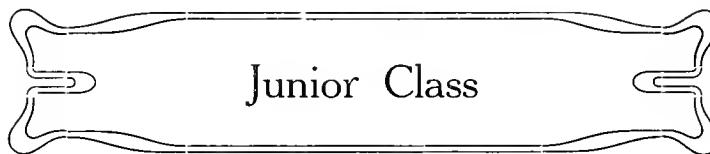
President	MARGUERITE BANGE
Vice President	DOROTHY SHONFIELD
Secretary	LENORE CUNNINGHAM
Treasurer	MARTIN JELLIFF
Sergeant-at-Arms	RUSSELL VOSE

MOTTO: "Possunt quia posse videntur."

COLORS: Light Blue and Gold.



Junior Class



Junior Class

Earl Bushnell	Ethel Heiser	Ralph Twitchell	Martha Paine
Lee Baxter	Katherine Hurxthal	Hubert Tappan	Delta Mitchell
Carson Branch	Ruth Harris	Earl Termin	Nellie Rupert
Lloyd Barr	Louise Jones	Russel Vose	Bertha Schill
George Balliett	Josephine Kalmerten	Earl Frankeberger	Dorothy Shonfield
Forest Cleland	Grace Kinton	Park Seibert	Virginia Stark
Bennett Cooke	Minnie Laudon	Herbert Jones	Florence Shires
York Dirlam	Clara Long	Maurice Hartman	Goldie Shryock
Frank Fox	Augusta Bevans	Harry Lynch	Margaret Sturges
Will Finney	Leda Lawrence	Katherine Baxter	Irene Smith
Glenn Groscost	Josephine Lemon	Edith Bunting	Hazel Umbarger
Jack Jenner	Ethel Lehman	Mary Bushnell	Anna Voegle
Willard Hess	Margaret Lindsey	Marguerite Bange	Maude Walker
Martin Jelliff	Marie Marwick	Marie Bowers	Violet Wilson
Vance Judson	Jennie McFarland	Helen Carpenter	Glenna Wickert
Vernon Kern	Catherine Murphy	Floy Campbell	Marie Waring
Wilbur Lindsey	Mary Murphy	Una Crumm	Freda Wolff
Howard Leppo	Kathleen Mendenhall	Mildred Clark	Mabel McCurdy
Fred Langdon	Irene Massa	Beatrice Charles	Clare McEl Hinney
Nathaniel Martin	Edna Maglott	Lenore Cunningham	Marie Pickering
Milo Patterson	Edith Meily	Marie Endly	Pearl Remy
Poy Spetka	Charles Sheriff	Ruth Finfrock	Margaret Schraeder
Carrie Herring	Norman Stoodt	Hazel Plummer	

History of '08

As we stood looking at the great ship, which was to carry us on our strange, new voyage, that day long ago in September of 1904, we experienced a feeling of elation and confidence. She had been remodeled and enlarged just to receive us, so why should we feel the timidity which had afflicted previous passengers? And so when the gong sounded we marched boldly in, went to the desks to which officers directed us, and looked about us with a calm curiosity. Soon, amid the ringing of many bells, the tramping of many feet, the giving of many orders which we did not understand, the ropes were pulled in, the gang planks taken up, and away we steered into the current.

As the shore with its objects so familiar began to recede a certain tremor of loneliness began to invade our courageous hearts. We began to cast about us for some object of interest in order that we might forget that home and mother and all dear ties laying far behind. Far up at the top of the vessel we could distinguish Captain Van Cleve scanning the waters for the purpose of reporting any dangers which might threaten.

On the deck below sat First Mate Hall staring wildly at a storm which he saw in the distance. We grew more lonely. Rumors now began to circulate among us which troubled us. The ship was such a labyrinth of passages and rooms and we were told that some of our members had already been lost. One had wandered to the door of officer Custer's cabin and asked if it was not time to get off and walk. Far down in the hold, they hinted was a dark room guarded by the first mate and to which we would be consigned in case we did not look sharp.

A queer, strange loneliness took possession of us, like unto nothing we had ever known before; a thing palpable and real. It caused us to

become dizzy, to stagger, to grow dull. No one of us shall ever forget the day when deck-hand Wilbur Lindsey, overcome by it reeled and fell headlong down the ground stairway into the main salon. It was then that some very superior looking passengers on the upper decks pointed jeeringly at us and said "sea sick."

On recalling those first months of our voyage when officers expected us to do so much and know so much, when our minds were so confused and filled with new scenes, we experienced a feeling of pain. It was hard to climb the rigging to higher things. Among these early recollections we remember vividly the passengers on the deck immediately above us. They had heads so large that frequently the weight caused them to fall, tho' the fall never seemed to injure the look of conscious wisdom they all wore. So far above us were the other decks, that we seldom caught a glimpse of their occupants.

Finally we felt the necessity of organizing our forces, and we chose Bennett Cooke, for size and sideburns, to stand at our helm. Light blue and gold were hung on our masts and on our pennant was inscribed, "Possunt, quia posse videntur."

By the time Port Vacation hove in sight we felt, even tho' our troubles had been many, tho' some of our numbers had, because of frenzied fear, jumped overboard, a certain affection for our boat and a great respect for the captain, mates and officers, whose kindness had soothed many a heartache and made easier many a hard task.

When the time arrived for our second voyage we marched aboard under the guidance of Jack Jenner. The second voyage was much happier. It was such joy to look down to the lowest deck and see the sea sick Freshmen turning a vivid green. A Freshman passenger called

T H E O R A C L E

Russel kept continually falling over his feet and another named Karl, in his officious attempt to climb to our deck, fell and broke his arm. Nothing of note happened to us on this voyage except that all the wisdom of all time became ours.

When we assembled last fall to enter upon our third trip we were grieved to learn that our old pilot, Bennett Cooke, had left us. Upon inquiring the cause, we learned that he had become so full of knowledge it was feared that from his very fullness he would burst. So he took passage with another crew to whom he, doubtless, is unloading large quantities of his Sopohmore wisdom.

This has been an eventful year.

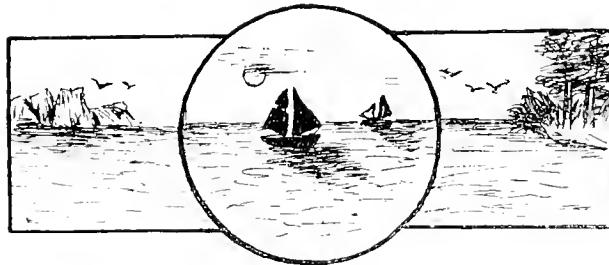
In April we served a sumptuous feast to the passengers of the upper decks, which they all told us was a great success.

One day we were hailed by a small boat in distress. The captain slowed up, we let down a ladder and Clare MacEl Hinney and Delta Mitchell joined us.

We have developed a fine taste for music during this, our third, voyage. On deck, from shady corners, we occasionally hear sweet strains of love's young dream. Josephine's and Katherine's voices blend well, indeed, with those of two deck hands on the upper deck. Helen and Jacob have sweet voices. Marie and Howard are now under training and we hear that Charles and Ruth are contemplating taking instructions.

As we see the land becoming each day more distinctly outlined along the horizon, we feel sad. We are beginning to realize that we shall soon be launched upon our last voyage in our good ship M. H. S.

KATHARINE HURNTHAL.





Junior-Senior Reception

ONE of the most enjoyable affairs in which the members of the Senior Class have participated was the reception given them by the members of the Junior Class. This reception was held in the High School, where a reception committee on the first floor greeted the guests.

The halls were prettily decorated in red, the school color. Seats were arranged here and there for the convenience of the guests. All care was cast aside and merriment reigned supreme.

At eight o'clock all gathered in the Auditorium where a good program was rendered. Part first opened with an overture by the Mansfield High School Orchestra followed by a very pleasing address of welcome by the president of the Junior Class, Marguerite Bange. Ray Sawhill, in behalf of the Senior Class, responded in a very appropriate speech. A vocal solo by Marie Endley followed this. Josephine Kalmerten and Clara Long next gave a duet after which Earl Bushnell played a violin solo. Marie Pickering sang a solo followed by the male double quartette which ended the first part.

Part two was a farce entitled "Who's Who" which was very amusing and well portrayed. Mr. Bloomfield receives word from a friend that a model prospective son-in-law has been found for him and will arrive at 11:00 a. m. At the same time he is notified that his new man servant will arrive in the afternoon. Lavender, the valet, arrives first and is mistaken for the prospective son-in-law. Mr. Swanhopper next arrives and is mistaken for the new man servant.

A series of complications ensue.

Dramatic Personal.

Mr. Simonides Swanhopper	- - - - -	RUSSEL VOSE
A model young Bachelor	- - - - -	" "
Lawrence Lavender, the valet from May Fair	- - - - -	WILL FINNEY
Mr. Bloomfield, a country gentlemen	- - - - -	HUBERT TAPPAN
Cicely, Bloomfield's daughter	- - - - -	KATHERINE BAXTER
Matilda Jane, a superior house maid	- - - - -	JOSEPHINE LEMON

A the close of the programme Mr. Fritz, president of the school board, and Superintendent Van Cleve made short addresses.

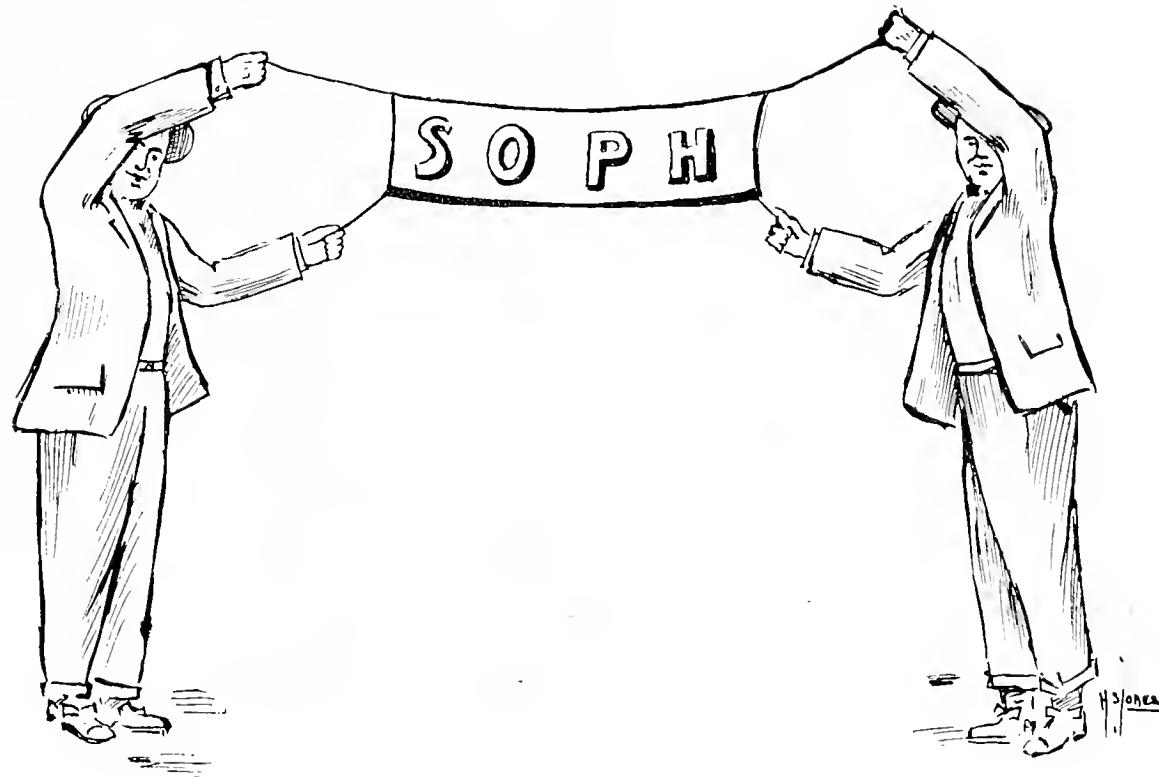
The programmes were very neat, the front covers being adorned with pictures of the Mansfield High School. The decorations were artistic and harmonious, everywhere blue and gold, the Junior colors, were blended with green and gold, the Senior colors.

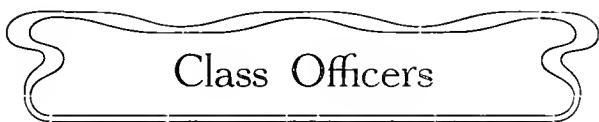
Refreshments were served in the girls' basket ball room which was also decorated in red. The red shades over the glimmering candles gave a soft, dreamy aspect to the room. The favors were small blue and gold pennants of the class '08.

In the wee hours of the morning the Senior guests departed voting the Junior Class the prince of entertainers and hoping that they, in their turn, may be as well entertained.



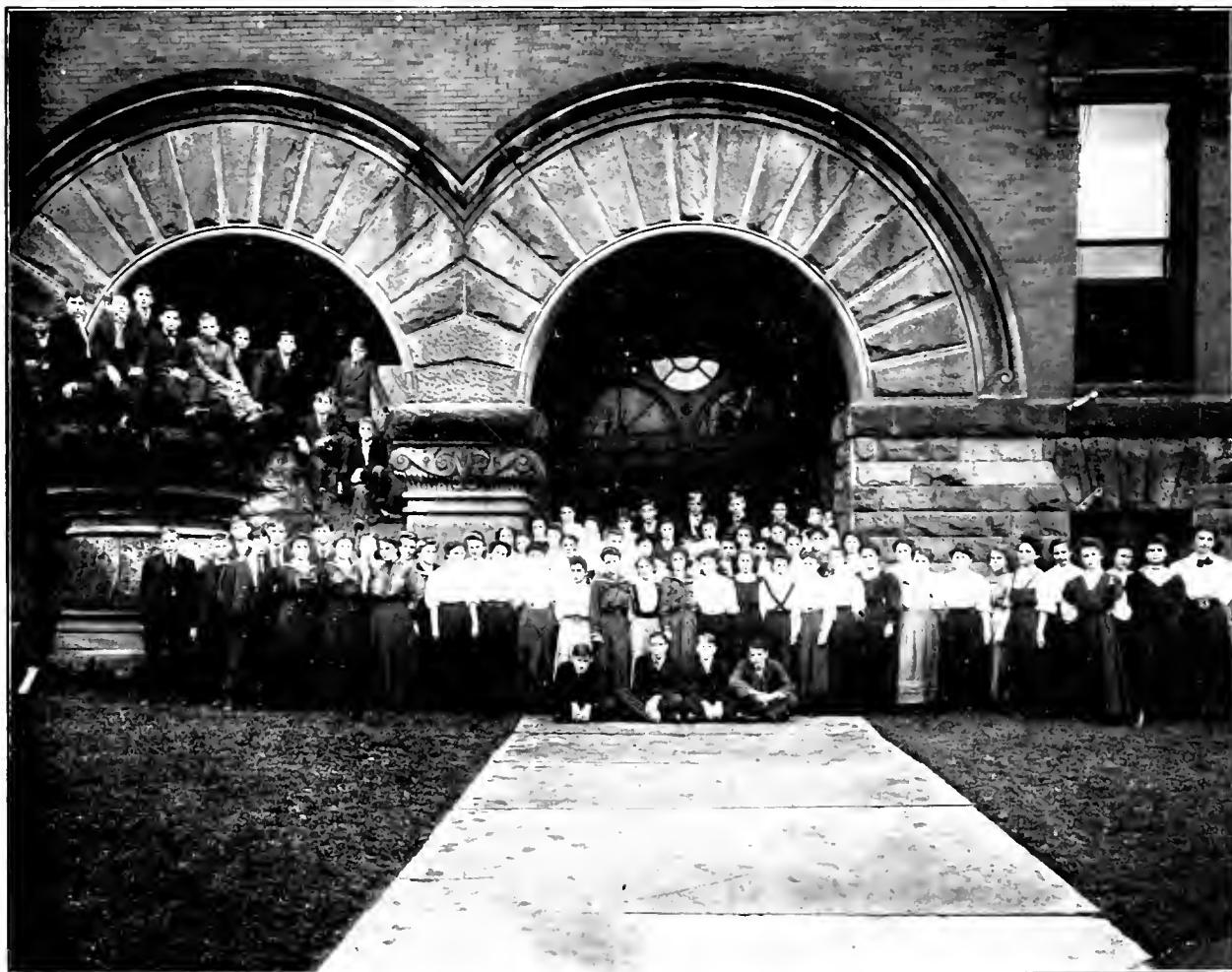
Chemical Laboratory



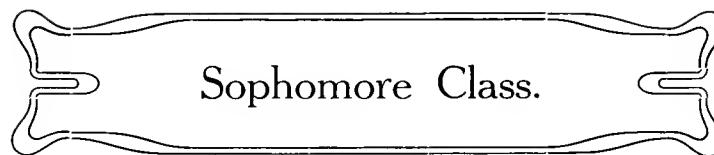


Class Officers

President	FRANK CAVE
Vice President	MARY ALICE DUNHAM
Secretary	REBA ACKERMAN
Treasurer	HAZEL HIPP
Sergeant-at-Arms	HOWARD McDANIELS



Sophomore Class



Leo McCullough
 John Morgan
 Walter Oswalt
 Frank Painter
 Otto Patterson
 Merz Pecht
 Earl Pollock
 Oscar Schaller
 Earl Schuler
 Robert Shireman
 Cecil Snyder
 Chas. West
 Coleman Todd
 Donald Willis
 Edyth Leppo
 Roger Au
 William Black
 Willkard Carter
 Jud Clingan
 Herbert Ditwiler
 Samuel Garber
 Howard Harding
 Lee Hoffman
 Walter Hout
 Leo Kelly
 Wilbur Lindsey
 Nellie Fench
 Nellie Frankeberger
 Vulah Greenlee
 Mable Hart
 Edith Houston

Jean Michael	Ruth Hursh	Agnes Jackson
Carl Oberlin	Helen Jennings	Lena Johnson
Stanley Ozier	Maude Jones	Hattie Kallmerten
Edward Palmer	Goldie Kelley	Bessie Kirsh
Merle Pecht	Sophia Klippel	Irene Krebs
Jasper Pittinger	Marie Kuebler	Rhea LaDow
Ernest Schafer	Hazel Lapham	Olive Lillian Lauer
Walter Schlagel	Marie Evans	Ada Falkner
John Sheets	Nina Leppo	Helen Leuthner
Lloyd Showers	Catharine Loomis	Tillie Mapes
Chas. Stevenson	Nellie McConnell	Hazel McCormick
Guy Sword	Ethel McFarland	Abigail McGinty
John Wood	Hazel McIntyre	Nellie Meily
James Leonard	Ida Metcalf	Blanch Miller
Walter Austin	Mildred Morehouse	Ione Reynolds
Rae Baughman	Bessie Rhoads	Mary Ritchie
David Brucker	Nina Scott	May Shively
Frank Cave	Helen Steinruck	Edna Swartz
Jud Cox	Margaret Tanner	Ada Ackerman
Albert Ernst	Alberta Ackerman	Ethel Ackerman
Glenn Groscoft	Reba Ackerman	Alverda Armstrong
Herman Harris	Estella Arras	Pearl Barr
Howard Horn	Mildred Becker	Delilah Berger
Russel Jelliff	Lotta Branch	Amy Brown
Raymond Lantz	Helen Brown	Marie Brunk
Howard McDaniel	Floy Campbell	Jeannette Carpenter
Autha Finney	Vera Costard	Margaret Davidson
Lucille Gorham	Abbie DePue	Mary Alice Dunham
Hazel Hammett	Bertie Emmons	Edna Endly
Hazel Hipp	Fern Enlow	Helen Enos
Mae Huenerfauth	Edith Ettinger	

History of '09

"It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see how the world wags
'Tis but an hour since it was nine,
And after an hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe
And thereby hangs a tale."

THE tale is this: A year ago we were of all the fresh things the freshest; grapes in their greenest stage fail to convey a conception of our verdancy. Then with us 'twas nine o'clock—now 'tis ten. Being somewhat ripened under the influence and instructions of our esteemed Faculty, each one of whom, it is sad to say, labors as if the ripening process depended on himself alone, we hope we will not prove inferior to our predecessors, nor by our faults tarnish the records of our M. H. S.

To one who saw us when we first appeared within the walls of the M. H. S., it would seem that two years of High School life had somewhat developed us. The mental training was very effective, we assure you, so effective that a few of us were fully satisfied with but one year of it, however, most of us were enthusiastic enough to try it again.

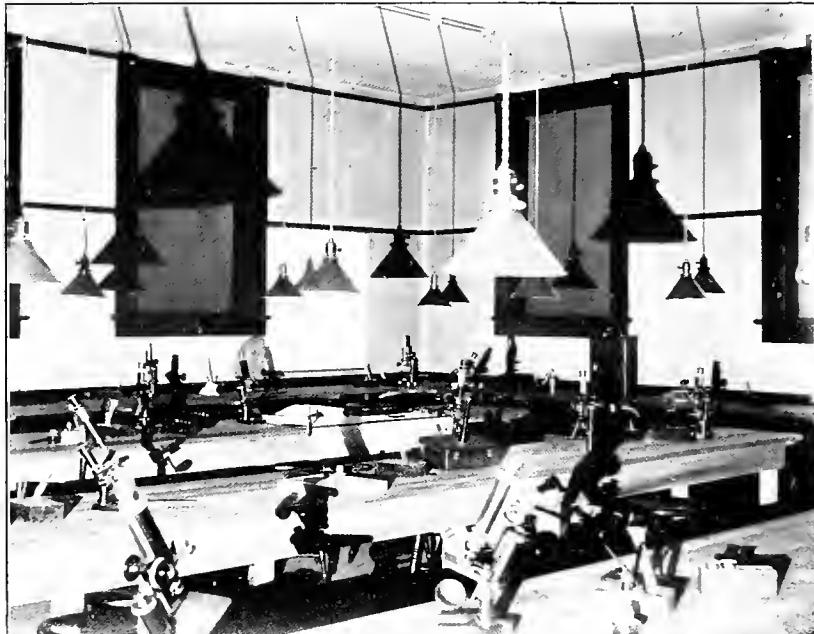
At our first class-meeting of the year we elected officers. As usual we spent half a day (more or less) in placing each candidate in the right pigeon hole. Having accomplished this, we adjourned, to meet on the first Tuesday of every month. These meetings have

been fairly well attended. Our class is well represented in athletic sports. There has been a great deal of enthusiasm shown in our girls' basket ball practice, due mostly to the faithful labor of Mr. Allen and Mr. Carpenter. A great deal of interest has also been shown toward the boys' basket ball team, two of our fellow classmen, being numbered in this team.

Our Literary society was organized in February and all of our meetings have been a grand success, due to Miss Swaim's excellent instruction and interest in the class.

During the first term of the present year it was remarked by all, that our lessons were extremely hard, but as we have all survived, none of us can complain. Whenever a Sophomore is met on the street, he seems to be enveloped in a cloud of H. S. fumes and can be heard mumbling. "Thirty algebra problems, thirty-two lines of Cæsar, five pages of Dutch and eight pages of history, all for one day," and groaning in deep despair. "Cheer up, cheer up, the worst is to come," do not let us go through the High School complaining, so that when we are gone all the teachers and the other classes will remember us always as grumblers, rather, let us put on a pleasant face, remembering that we are wrestling with ignorance, intelligence being the prize, and that we as Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors are working under the same banner in the dear old M. H. S.

HELEN A. JENNINGS.



Biological Laboratory



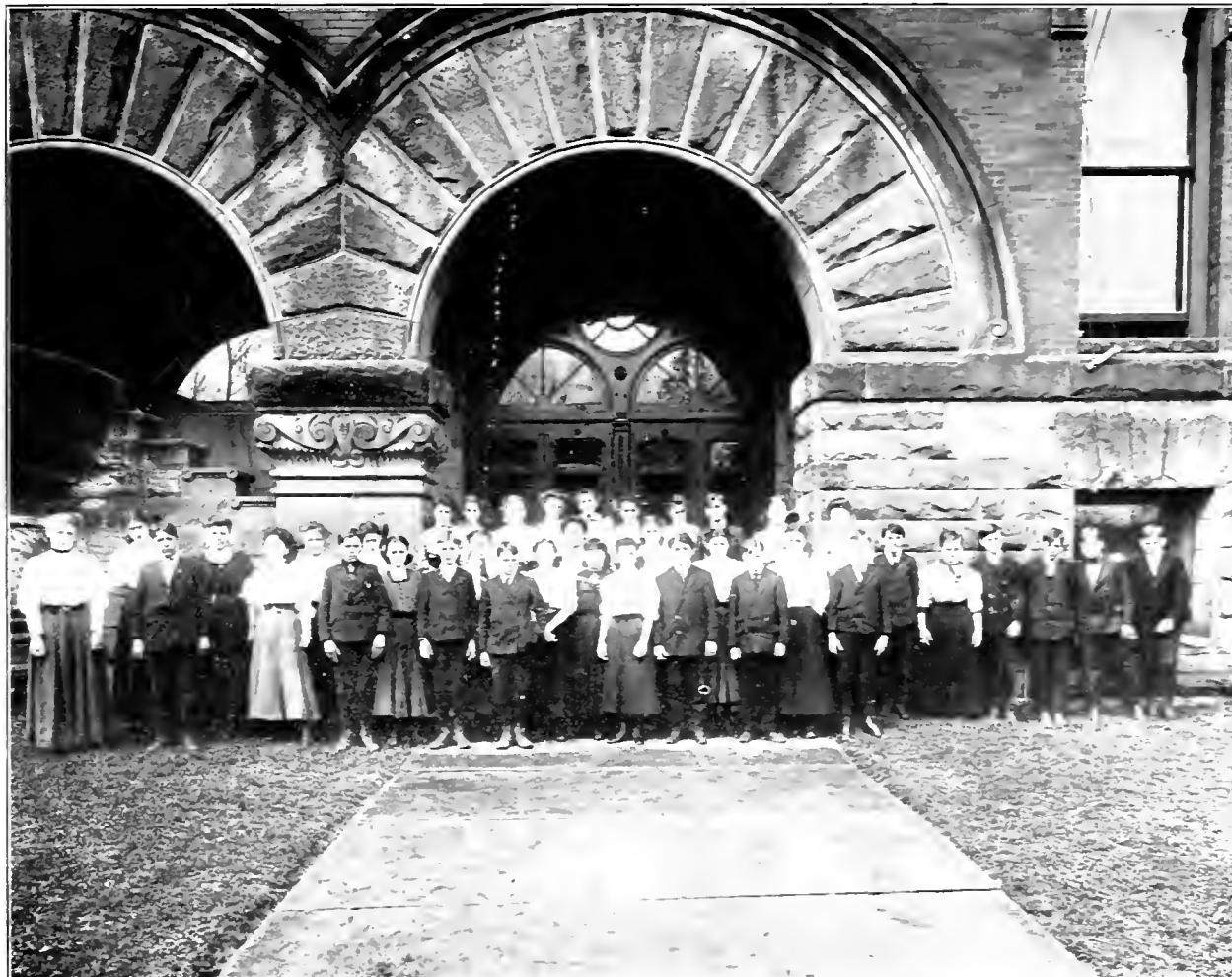
OUR DARLING
FRESHSKIES



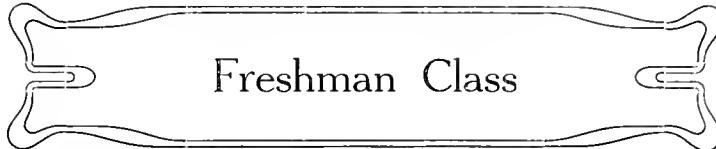
T H E O R A C L E

Class Officers

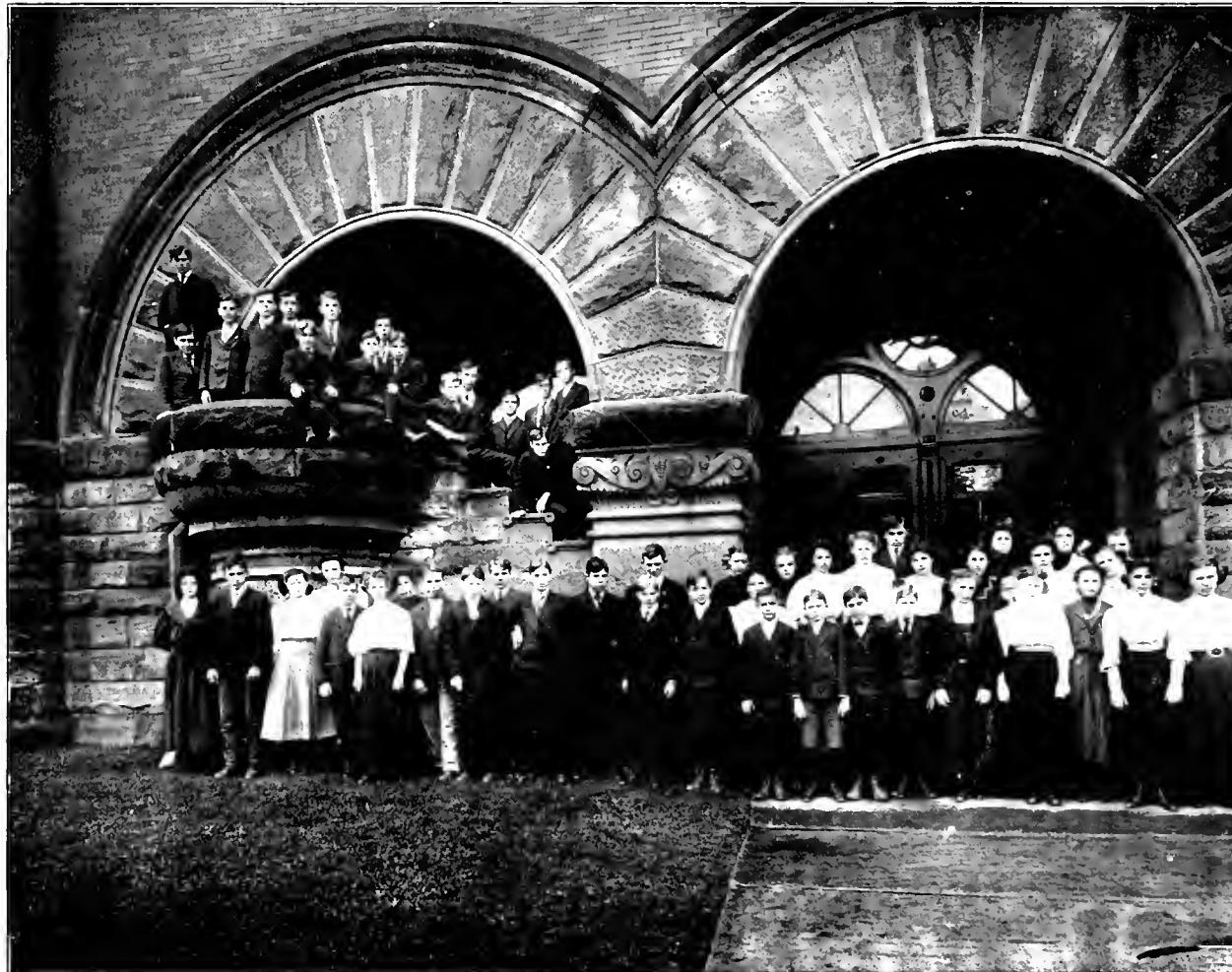
President James Wendling
Vice President Joe Dowdle
Secretary Rebekah Mac Daniel
Treasurer Jud Colwell
Sergeant-at-arms Judson Super



A Group of Freshmen.



Will Anderson	Bertie Appleman	Howard Lehman	Emmett Lautzbaugh
Mamie Bissman	Florence Barry	Ercie Lewis	Edna Leach
Velma Berkshire	Hugh Brown	Ellen McLean	Inez McKee
Edna Baughman	George Blecker	Charlotte Moore	Helen Miller
Alice Barton	Ruth Burneson	Mabel McGuire	Rebekah MacDaniel
Edwin Boals	Mary Berry	Margaret Merwin	Zoda McCurdy
Helen Brunk	Nita Branson	Clarence Martin	Willie McKee
Judd Colwell	Harry Casad	Don Miller	John Massa
Helen Cline	Leo Corbett	Ruth McCally	Wilbert Mengert
Clara Calvert	Harold Creveling	Faye Miller	Rhea Maffet
Hazel Cashell	Floyd Crider	Mary McBee	Byron McCready
Emmett Casey	John Dow	Earl McNeil	Byron Martin
Joseph Dowdle	Eugene Evans	Grace Martin	Ollie Merly
Cordell Erdenberger	Harold Edmonds	Iva Murphy	Harriet Nail
Montus Etzwiler	Rosella Fisher	Archie Nixon	Fern Nave
Lois Finney	Fritz Fair	Candace Old	Carl Oswalt
John Fribley	Ada Frier	Clyde Pittman	Elnora Robb
Albert Fiedler	Bertha Frank	Reuben Ringer	Everett Runyon
Paul Fiedler	Pearl Flocken	Herman Roop	Edna Ray
Sophia Flockenzier	Mary Frederick	Faye Reynolds	Marion Rhodes
Ruth Gadsby	Chauncey Gates	Charles Stecker	Forest Sharp
Ruth Guenther	Earl Gerth	Jay Sauerbrey	James Strock
Gerald Guthrie	Hazel Gerlach	Ida Stahlheber	Leo Shonfield
Joseph Hicks	Russell Harbaugh	Goldie Shyrock	Harry Snodgrass
Harold Henry	Scott Huber	Leroy Shriner	Olga Schmidt
Alma Harrold	Daisy Hammond	Anna Sulzer	Helen Steele
Marion Hawkins	Myrtle Hamlin	Mabel Steveus	Judd Super
Margery Hershey	Hazel Hawk	Thomas Scott	Edna Smith
Helen Harbaugh	Fanny Harlan	Everett Silcott	Emma Schneider
Walter Harbeson	Will Irvin	Velma Turner	Lois Tappan
Selma Isely	Ross Jones	Caryl Twitchell	Rachel Tracy
Reo Judson	Mary Judson	Rhea Uhlich	Russell Upson
Louis Kenton	Margaret Kaufman	Frank Underwood	Vernie Varley
Frances Kuhn	Irma Knittle	Nellie VanAntwerp	James Wheeler
Ruth Kooken	Irene Kern	Leah Wilcox	Fred Walters
Joseph Kuneman	Rose King	Gladys Walters	Esther Wilcox
Ethel Lepo	Francis Loomis	Ruth Weber	Lloyd Whitmar
Willard Lehnhart	Albertine Lang	Thomas Walters	Eugene Wigton
Estella Longshore	Edward Longsdorf	James Wendling	Frank Yarger
		Alta Lantz	



Another Freshman Group.

A FRESHMAN'S TROUBLES

By Rebekah MacDaniel.

Oh! the troubles of a freshman
 Are very hard to bear.
 They really seem sometimes enough
 To drive one to despair.

The upper classmen snub us—
 They think we are so green.
 It makes us feel like thirty cents
 They treat us—oh! so mean.

When we first entered M. H. S.
 We left our hopes behind.
 We thought to meet with many slams,
 But nothing of this kind.

No wonder that we lost our way
 In those long corridors.
 And walked for miles from room to room,
 On all of those three floors.

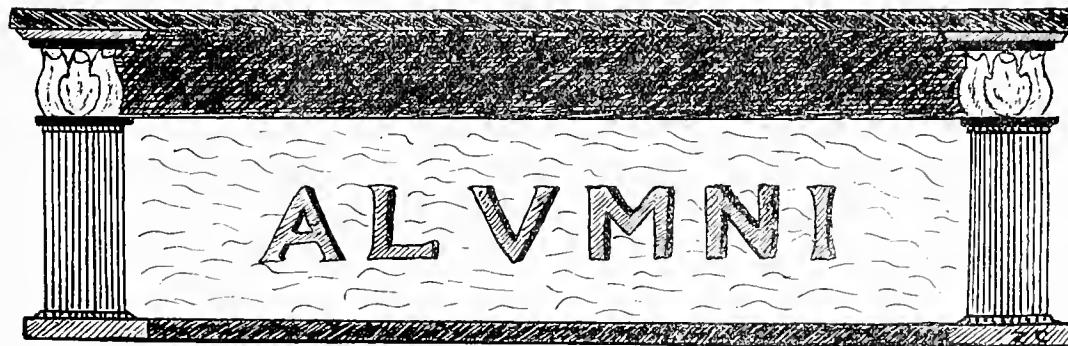
And what we'll do to next year's class,
 There sure can be no doubt.
 But if the question's hard for them,
 They may wait and find it out.

And if we did one moment stop
 To brush some tears away,
 They quickly told us to move on—
 Not stand and talk all day.

We wandered lonely round the place,
 In hopes that we might find
 The study-hall or class room small
 To which we were assigned.

But all of this was for our good:
 We hear so every day.
 For, 'tis such training makes us strong—
 That's what our teachers say.

So now, we know the Silver Rule—
 We've learned that lesson well.
 And we'll just pass our knowledge on:
 It's no harm now to tell.





De Alumnis

IN almost all of our large colleges east and west, north and south, there are one or more students who graduated from Mansfield High School. More students have entered various colleges from this school than from any other of its size in the state. Another fact about which the school is justly proud is that not only do so many of its graduates pursue their studies in higher institutions of learning but they are admitted to most of the large colleges and universities by certificates, and do not have to worry about entrance examinations. Many of the alumni, who took the "College Preparatory Course," write back and tell us that they

were not only admitted on certificate without any examinations, but had several extra points to their credit, and therefore their college work was made much easier, because of the thorough preparation they had received at the High School.

Many favorable reports of the excellent work done at college by the alumni, or of the honors they have won, are heard and proudly spoken of. Their friends, who are not away at college, as well as those who are still in the High School, rejoice with them, and are proud that the graduates of their school are making such progress and enviable

names for themselves. It is the wish of all those in the High School, and those interested in it that this record may be kept up, and that this school may continue to be represented in as many colleges in the future as it has been in the past.

The following is a list of those colleges represented by members of our alumni:

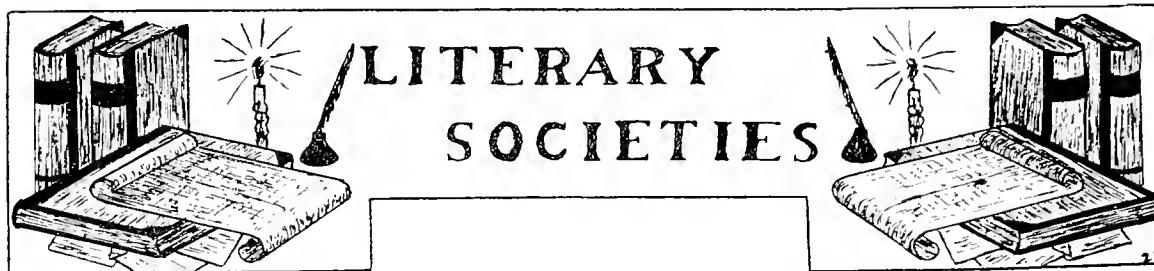
Denison
Wittenberg
Wooster
Oberlin
Case
Adelbert
Ohio Northern University
Ohio Wesleyan University
Wilberfurge University
Oxford

Rollo School of Mines
University of Michigan
University of Pennsylvania
Bethany College
Cornell University
The Castle
Smith
Mt. Holyoke
Wells
National Seminary of Washington
Phillips Exeter
Starling Medical
Cleveland Medical
O. S. U. Medical
Bryn Mawr
Princeton
Kenyon



Commercial Room.





A Old M. H. S. progresses in everything and goes from good to better and finally to best, so she has advanced from the public rhetoricals to the class literary societies. That there is an advantage in such organizations, not only for advancement along literary lines, but in music as well, has been plainly shown in the short time in which they have been in existence.

While the change at first seemed a great deal of a change to the students it has met with favor and is now spoken of on all sides with approbation.

Only the Freshmen have any fault to find with the present arrangement for under the old system they enjoyed a programme every three weeks in which they took no part except to listen. Now they have no part until their second year.

But with the High School growing as it has been, a change seemed necessary. No one knows how much talent really exists in a school unless there is some way of bringing it out. Formerly with the large number of pupils from the three classes to select from, it was impossible to get them all on the programme during the year, and incidentally to find each one's particular talent.

Now there is a meeting of one class each week which brings a meeting and programme for each class every three weeks. They are

held in the study room and are more informal and more parliamentary than when held in the auditorium. Thus it will be possible for each student to be on twice a year.

The programmes have been diversified and interesting. There have been talks and debates, discussions and orations and mingled with these has been music both vocal and instrumental. On the whole these programmes have been well worth listening to.

But while one of the reasons for the organization of the societies was to bring out what latent talent there was in the school, another of the reasons was to give students experience in parliamentary meetings and to accustom them to speaking.

The societies were organized with the necessary officers of president, vice-president, secretary and assistant secretary, and also a censor and reporter. The former at each meeting reads a criticism of the last one and it is hoped that through personal criticism any faults which now exist may be remedied. The reporter gives a report of each meeting to the daily papers.

Confusion may reign while some are seeking a place to study on Friday afternoons, the meetings may be interrupted by the thoughtless one upon whom the announcements as to where to go has failed to make an impression, nevertheless all agree that the literary societies are an improvement upon public rhetoricals and have proved a success.

Senior Literary Society

Officers.

President	FRY OLD
Vice President	OLIVE FISHER
Secretary	RUBY RUNYON
Assistant Secretary	HERBERT FRASER
Censor	KATHLEEN WILLIS
Reporter	GORDON GRAY

Junior Literary Society

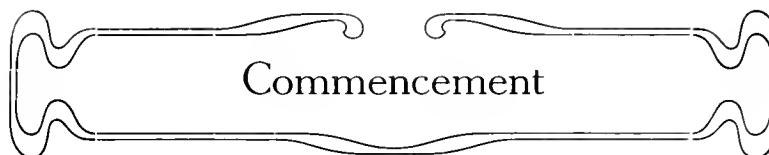
Officers.

President	JACK JENNER
Vice President	KATHERINE HURXTHAL
Secretary	CLARE MC ELHINNEY
Assistant Secretary	RUSSELL VOSE
Censor	FRANK FOX
Reporter	MARTIN JELLIFF

Sophomore Literary Society

Officers.

President	HOWARD McDANIEL
Vice President	RUTH HURSH
Secretary	WALTER HOUT
Assistant Secretary	HAZEL HIPP
Censor	MARIE BRUNK
Reporter	LEO McCULLOUGH



Commencement

Of all the times in the school life of a boy or girl commencement is looked forward to with the greatest amount of hope and anticipation. All schools hold exercises more or less appropriate for those who complete the prescribed course. These exercises are an outgrowth of an old custom. The country school commencement where, in earlier times, the director appeared to question the pupil, and, upon satisfactorily undergoing this ordeal, granted him a diploma. The earlier commencement where everyone in the class delivered an essay or oration, and the present day commencement with its speakers chosen from the class or in some cases, where a speaker is employed to give words of advice and encouragement to the class, are all suggestions of the development of the custom.

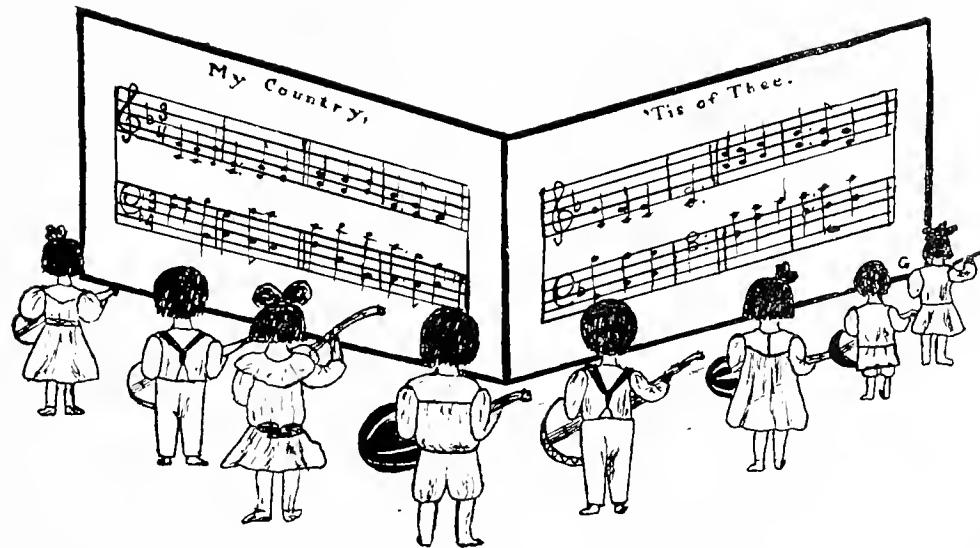
Commencement in the Mansfield High School has passed through the stages of development and today is still advancing. Some programmes have been given to be instructive, some to be entertaining and some to be a display of the attainment of the class. This year the Seniors offer in substance the following program, and hope it to answer the requirements of a novel and instructive as well as interesting exercise.

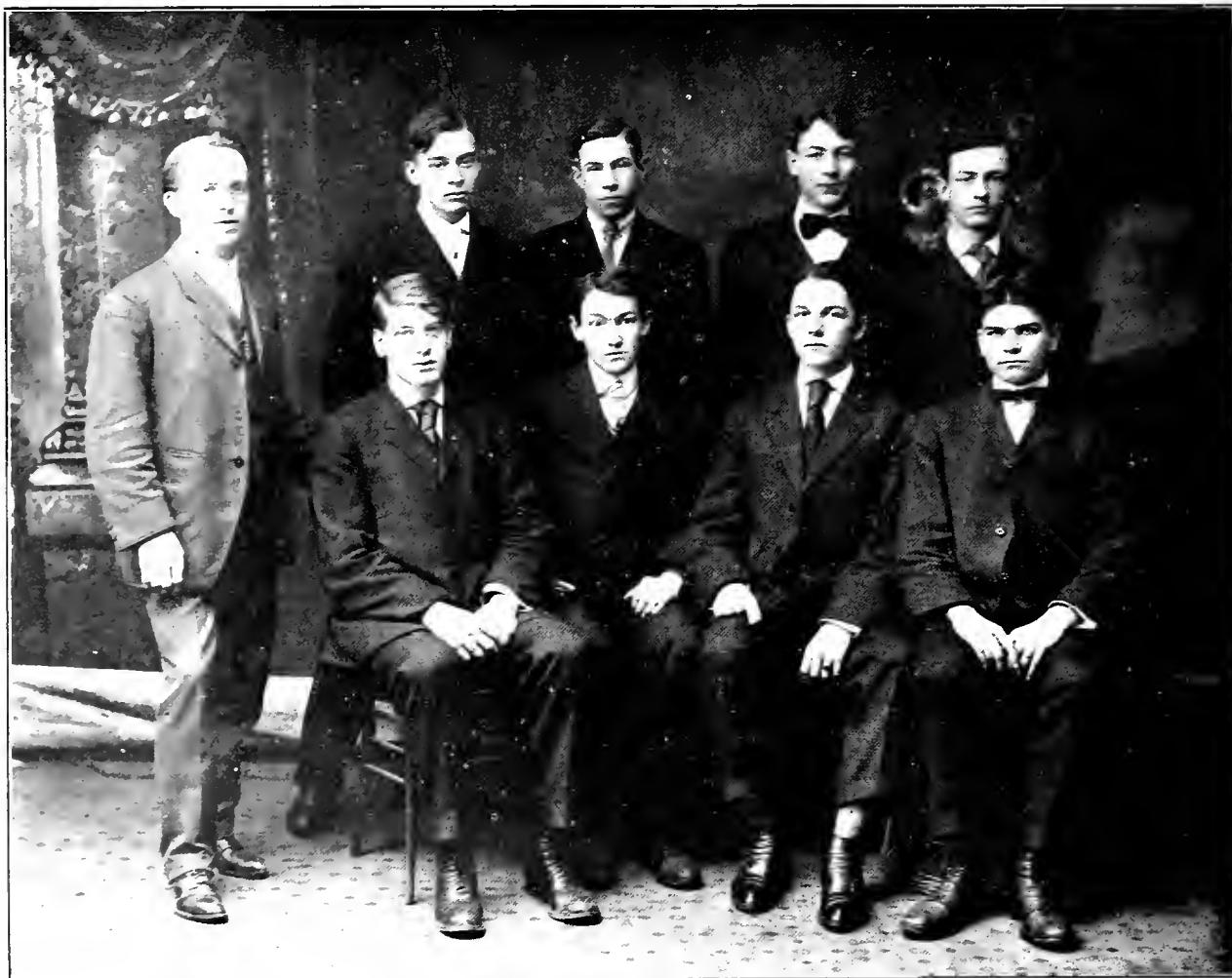
Fry Old, Valedictory; William Bristow, Salutatory; Kathleen Willis, Classics (Greek and Latin Languages and Literature); Mabel Ward, Modern Languages (French and German); Marjorie Hurxthal,

Cultural (English and History); William Hammett, Commercial (English, Typewriting, Arithmetic and Bookkeeping); Bernice Dowdle, Political Science (Civics and Economics); Frank Gross, Mathematics; Herbert Fraser, Aesthetics (Music, Drawing and art); Walter Armstrong, Athletics (Physical development and Sports); Laura Leonard, Physical Science. There will also be several musical numbers.

Without careful consideration the programme given above may appear dry and uninteresting, but upon careful examination it will be found to contain much of interest. It may appear, upon first sight, to be a discussion between different branches to find which one should predominate, but this is not the object. It is an attempt to give to the patrons and friends of the school a definite statement concerning the object of study in any particular branch. It is an attempt to bring out the points in favor of the study to show its place in the educational system of the public school. It is an attempt to bring all in closer sympathy, giving each its proper place and consideration.

Whatever standards have been set up by graduating classes in their commencement programmes, the class of 1907 hopes to continue and whatever work the members are to do in the future, may this be only a commencement to a broader, fuller and richer life.





Glee Club

Mr. Bellingham

Russell Vose

York Dirlam

Martin Jeiliff

Fry Old

Walter Armstrong

Rex Gilbert

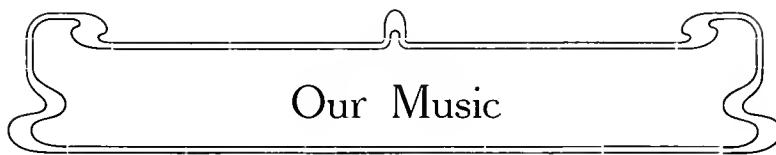
Fred Langdon

Earl Frankeberger



M. H. S. Orchestra

Eugene Ward John Todd Dan Wolff Vance Judson Rex Gilbert Robert Burns Gordon Gray
Mr. Bellingham Walter Harbeson Harold Edmonds Grace Baughman John Wood Frank Gross Walter Armstrong
Chauncey Gates James Leonard Hazel Hammett Earl Bushnell



Our Music

I've always had a hankerin'
Fer things that was the truth
An' I've been a firm believer
In the trainin' of the youth.

An' I've sometimes had a notion
When I hadn't much to do
That I'd go up to our High School
And look the old place through.

So I happened up one afternoon
And a feller showed me round
An' I took considerable interest
In most the things I found.

But one thing more particler
That struck me right away
Was the way they're teachin' music
And that orchestra to play.

That Senior orchestra can't be beat.
It's made of the proper stuff
And when you say you've heard them play
You havent said half enough.

They played some kind'er solows
Mixed in with fife and drum
And when they'd played them several times
The High School orchestra come.

An' I come to the conclusion
That one thing our ears was for
Is to help our eddication
By hearing music more.

The way those kids they did cut loose,
Just made me glad I'd come.
Fer when they struck them thrills and runs
They sure was goin' some.

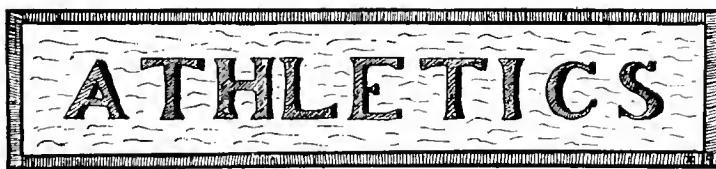
And them eight boys got up and sang.
They called it an octette.
Of any foxy singin'
That beat all that I've heard yet.

They started in so distant like
And then begun to swell
'Til them old walls and ceilin'
Was aringing like a bell.

They just put heart into their song
And seemed to like it, too,
An' I sat there enjoyin' things
Until they got all thro'.

I had my views on larnin'
But it struck me thar and then
That the real thing to consider
Was the makin' of the men.

That trainin' of the teller
For life's battles was alright
Pervided some attention's
Paid the feller out of sight.



Athletics in M. H. S.

MANSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL has always taken great interest in athletics and up to the last two or three years has enthusiastically supported Field Day meets, foot-ball and basket-ball.

The old saying goes: "A sound mind in a sound body." Athletics of some kind is therefore indispensable to the active and energetic mind. The youths of Mansfield High have gradually dropped several of their sports, but it is to be hoped that with those remaining they have kept up their gray matter.

It is only a few years since our representatives on the track carried off honor after honor, urged on by the wild and enthusiastic cries of the onlookers. No more Field Day meets are participated in and one of the most enjoyable features of our school days has ceased. Those rousing moments when Jelliff, Meese or Twitchell rounded the farther turn of the track putting forth the supreme effort to reach their goal will never quite fade from our memory. In 1905 Osborne Meese won the championship of the state in his half mile run at Oberlin. Three silver relay cups and the memories alone remain as memorials of the triumphs of those days.

Foot-ball, too, has "gang its ain gait," though suffering much in its gradual decline. The foot-ball team, too, advanced to the foremost

ranks in the state. This is the first year in which all signs of the game have been absent.

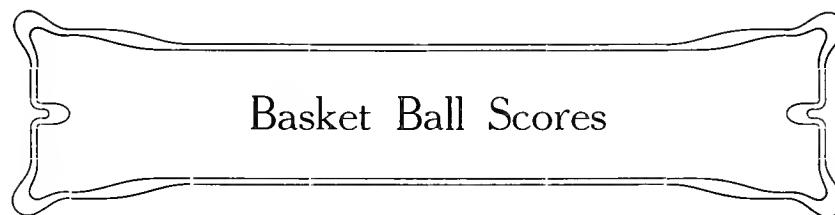
It is in basket-ball that the boys of the season 1906-1907 attained success. By their noteworthy defeat of the Canton High with a score of 42-16 they destroyed that team's aspirations to the championship of the state. Although at one time several of our best players were unable to play because of their studies, nevertheless the subs did praiseworthy work in upholding the name of our High School in basket-ball. The games were scenes of great enthusiasm, which was at times heightened by the introduction of special features such as "the little Dutch Band" and Jake's huge megaphone. The team did its best and its best is not to be despised as the scores will show.

Until this year base-ball has not been numbered among the High School sports. However, the boys are putting up a good showing on the diamond under the coaching of Prof. C. D. Carpenter. A representative team has been chosen from the four classes and several games have been arranged.

So here's to the Athletics of the M. H. S.; may their success always be as great as in the preceding years.



Boys' Basket Ball Team



Basket Ball Scores

M. H. S.—57	Galion—12
M. H. S.—53	Denison, Freshmen—18
M. H. S.—12	Canton—29
H. H. S.—18	Shreve, Company H—31
M. H. S.—16	Fostoria—18
M. H. S.—33	Fostoria—22
M. H. S.—36	New Philadelphia—20
M. H. S.—17	Cleveland Central—25
M. H. S.—42	Canton—16
M. H. S.—42	Marion—24
M. H. S.—26	Marion—24
M. H. S.—31	Zanesville—53
M. H. S.—38	Representatives of Y. M. C. A.—21

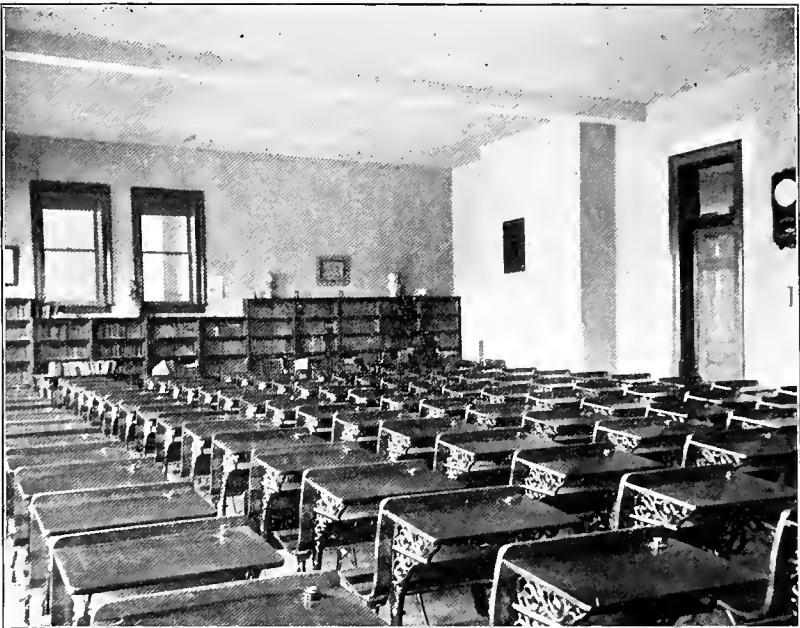




Girls' Basket Ball Squad



Girls' Basket Ball Squad



Library and Study Room

A Poem

By a Senior

Spring comes apace. The earth is glad
 And bud and bird and bee, a thrill
 With joyous life, and fields are clad
 With greenery, vale and plain and hill.

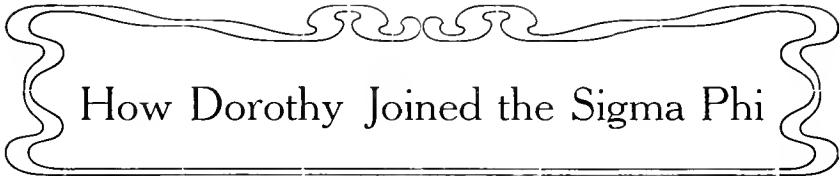
What do we know? The random seed
 Blown idly to the pathway there
 Without the planter's kindly heed
 May germinate and bloom and bear.

Against prophetic harvest time
 O'er furrowed fields, the sower strays
 And earth accepts, with faith sublime
 The promise of the lengthening days.

So wheresoe'er, to hearth and home
 With twilight joys a happy meed,
 This gentle messenger shall come,
 Assured from all, a gay "God Speed."

Perhaps expressed some careless thought,
 Perhaps some bow at random drawn,
 For good or ill-known be fraught,
 And yet we idly wander on.





How Dorothy Joined the Sigma Phi

IN the senior year at Phelps College, a Greek letter society was always formed which was continued after the Seniors graduated. Already many had joined and were wearing three cornered pins, but still quite a few, for some are always necessarily slow about everything, had not joined.

Among these was Dorothy Fairfax, one of the most popular girls in the college. Handsome, always bright and merry, generous, standing high in her classes, with plenty of money to do as she pleased, it was no wonder that she was liked by all. That evening the society was to have a banquet and she was to join.

But during the afternoon she had received a note telling her to wait in her room until she should be summoned, and so impatiently she was trying to read a book until someone or something should appear. Her roommate had gone away and left her alone, so she had no one to talk to or tease. The big room seemed so lonesome and it was so provoking to hear in the distance the twanging of a guitar and the softer tones of the piano intermingled with laughing and singing.

Several times she laid down her book and went to the open window, but she could see no one, only now and then a dry leaf crackled as it fell to the ground.

It was clear and cool outside and the moonlight made the college buildings loom up dark and forbidding from behind the trees and shrubbery. Suddenly as she stood looking out someone knocked at the door, and before she could turn from the window, nine masked figures wearing caps and gowns stalked into the room. Dorothy started back in surprise, but the leader walked up to her and said in a deep solemn tone, but with eyes twinkling with mischief, "Your time has come. Have you decided after long contemplation to join the honorable Sigma Phi, to devote your life to its interests and to do anything the society demands of you? If you have you may be presented for honorable membership."

Much surprised by their appearance and words she did not know whether to treat it all as a joke or to be frightened, but thinking it had been done to surprise her she answered, laughing, "Most honorable

sirs, I do promise to fulfill these conditions, but how soon are you going to have the banquet, I've waited so long I'm hungry."

In the same pompous manner he had used before the leader replied, "As soon as we have evidences of your ability to become a member we promise that you shall have something to satisfy—ahem—your, your hungry feeling, but we must hurry it's getting late and we have lots to do yet. So hurry up and get ready to go with us wherever we shall lead you."

Hurriedly she threw a light wrap about her shoulders and accepting the arm offered, went down the stairs into the brightly lighted hall and out upon the street. The room in which the meetings were held was some distance from the dormitory, so they had to go down several streets and pass many of the college buildings.

When they came in front of Stilton Hall—old Stilts the boys called it—an old building used for recitations, almost covered with ivy and concealed by trees and shrubbery, the leader ordered them to stop and apart from Dorothy held a consultation with the other eight. She did not recognize the voice of any one she knew, but still one sounded strangely like that of Lucy Harland, a good friend of hers and an ardent member of the Sigma Phi.

Finally one drew a small bundle from beneath his gown and handed it to the leader. He took it and then turned to Dorothy with these words, "Since you have promised to do anything the society demands of you, this is your first order. If you do this you will be rewarded by having your name placed on the roll of honor immediately. To be brief this is what you must do." Unrolling the bundle he took out something which seemed to have red and white stripes on it. "You must take this flag to Greg's room (Mr. McGregor was the teacher in mathematics, who held recitations in Stilton Hall) and put it on his desk. Spread it out so it will cover the entire top. We will go with you as far as the entrance, but you must go the rest of the way by yourself."

Mr. McGregor's room was on the first floor and his door but a short distance from the entrance, so she was not afraid to go, for

Dorothy was not timid. Laughing to herself at the foolishness of it all and not seeing anything exactly wrong in it, she decided to go.

Up the walk and up the broad steps they went, two by two, Dorothy and the leader first, until they came to the entrance. Then she happened to think that the door was locked and wondered how they could get in, but before she could ask the question, the leader took a key from his pocket and unlocked the door, remarking as he did so, "Old friends of the Prof., we take care of his keys so he won't lose them." A laugh followed this explanation, while one struck a match to light a lantern which Dorothy had not noticed before.

Taking the flag in one hand and the lantern in the other she started in the open doorway. Her companions watched her go down the hall and disappear in the room. One of the masked figures remarked, "Lots of nerve for a girl, but then you never can tell what a girl is going to do, they're so changeable." They kept talking to one another for sometime, now and then breaking out into a loud laugh, which the leader quickly silenced. Every once in a while one went down the walk and looked up and down the street, but no one could be seen.

But unobserved by the maskers a young man came slowly down the other side of the street. It was Jack Norton, one of the fellows, a handsome athletic young man of twenty-two, popular among the students, both girls and boys, on account of his athletic ability and genial nature. Besides they respected him, for he was considered one of the brightest and most promising of all the fellows. His room had seemed so close that evening and the outside air so cool and refreshing that he decided to take a walk.

Passing along in front of the Hall, he had noticed a light flash back and forth, and so keeping in the shadows as much as he could, he came nearer until he could see plainly the maskers. "Humph," he remarked, "Up to something that's no good, I'll wager. I'll go around to the side and have a look at what they're doing." It happened that he assisted Mr. McGregor in teaching, so he had a key to the side door, and, walking cautiously so that the leaves would not make any

noise and give warning of his presence, he went through the shrubbery unobserved. Coming to the door, he put the key in the lock and slowly opened the door. Strange to say the door opened with scarcely any noise and what was his surprise to see the figure of a girl bending over a lantern which was endeavoring to go out. So engrossed was she in her effort to make it burn brighter that she had not heard a sound until he came up and stood before her.

In her astonishment and confusion she let the lantern fall, but it neither broke nor went out, but no doubt it would speedily have been extinguished if Jack had not picked it up and restored it to its natural position. Holding it so that the light shone upon her face, he started back in surprise when he saw who it was. "Dorothy Fairfax, you of all persons," he exclaimed in astonishment, "what in the world are you doing here at this time of night?" "I—I, oh dear, I wish I'd never said I'd come, I didn't think it would be so dark—and—and I—the lantern went out and I—oh dear," and she could no longer keep back the tears, which would come to her eyes.

Jack had never had any experience with crying girls, so he did not know what he ought to do, whether to sympathize with her, or to throw water over her, so he stood there ill at ease, awkwardly shifting the weight of his body from one foot to the other. Just then the lantern sent up one long flickering ray and went out.

Then the ludicrous side of the situation appealed to Dorothy and she began to laugh. Somewhat reassured by her mirth, Jack started towards her but stopped, preplexed as to what he ought to do or say. Then suddenly he thought of some matches he had in his pocket, and drawing one out, lighted it, saying as he did so, "I think we have enough to last until we get out to your friends if we hurry." "Oh, yes, do let's get out of here quick," answered Dorothy, "it's so dark and ghostly." And then she happened to notice the flag which had fallen to the floor, "But what will they think if they see you. I suppose each one has something they must do to enter and if they don't do it they can't join and I don't want to do it, oh dear."

"May I ask what society you are speaking of entering?" inquired Jack. "Why yes," she answered, "the Sigma Phi, of course." "Well if I am not very much mistaken the leader of that gang out there is Steph Thompson, the worst freshman for getting into scrapes there is in the class. And I'm very certain I know who several of the other ones are too for—" "You don't mean to say," interrupted Dorothy, "that they are not Seniors?" "Seniors," he laughed, "Seniors! Well they may be Seniors three years from tonight, but I doubt if Steph Thompson will be in that length of time, not unless he quits his mischief and gets down to studying."

Too much astonished for a minute to say anything, Dorothy just stared at him as if to see whether he was in earnest or not, and then repeated after him, "Steph Thompson, the worst freshman for getting into scrapes there is in the class! Well the joke is surely on me, but," and then her eyes fairly danced as she said, "if you will only help me we will turn the joke on them. What fun it would be! You will help me, won't you?" "Why yes, he answered, "if you will tell me what you want done. Which is to be first, to pitch into that gang out there or get you out of this dungeon?" "Get me out of the dungeon by all means first, before all the matches are gone. Let's go out the side way so they won't hear us and then they will wait for me to come out." So picking up the flag she walked to the side door, while Jack followed with the lantern.

In the meantime those in front began to show signs of impatience. Several remarks had been made as to how long it was taking her, but they waited and waited and still she did not come. A half hour passed by and then another and finally they decided something must be wrong, so they went up the steps and into the building. It was very dark inside as all the light they had was from matches. So walking along, cautiously, they came to the door and looked in. But what was their astonishment when no Dorothy could be seen. Even the flag and lantern were gone. "Well I'll be jiggered," exclaimed the leader, "where under the sun, or rather the moon, do you suppose she is!" And just then a board creaked somewhere in the old Hall and a window

rattled and four panic stricken figures, with the leader at their head, rushed headlong from the building with the other five not far behind.

Meanwhile Dorothy and Jack started to go down a little path behind the Hall, which led to a small river. There were always several boats anchored near the boat house, so after assisting Dorothy into one of these, Jack untied the rope and with long, even strokes sent the boat far down the stream. The moon seemed almost overhead and lighted up the water with a brightness almost equalling the sun's. Diamonds seemed to float away in the ripples whenever the oars touched the water, and except the splashing of the oars, everything was quiet, for neither spoke a word all the way down the river.

Perhaps it was the spell of the moonlight—who knows—but Jack wondered why he had never before noticed how very pretty Dorothy

was. To be sure he had always admired her, but now he seemed to have a different, inexplicable feeling. Indeed he showed that "feeling" so openly during the rest of the year that no one was surprised to hear, the following June, of the engagement of Dorothy Fairfax and Jack Norton.

Dorothy returned safely home that night, but the freshmen, for such they proved to be, reached their respective homes half paralyzed with fear, and some do not know to this day how it all happened or how it was that the flag they had stolen from the Campus, appeared the next morning in its old place, proudly waving its stars and stripes as if to say, "Did you ever get left?"

K. W., '07.





Rest Room

Seeing Mansfield Through a Megaphone

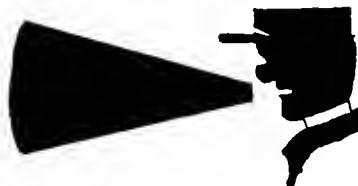
All aboard, ladies and gentlemen. Here's for "Seeing Mansfield". Have a pleasant ride in a fine auto all for fifty cents. Only twenty-five seats and they're selling like hot cakes. All ready! Start her goin', Bill.

Now friends, that magnificent building you see to your right, is the B. & O. depot. The waiting room, for both ladies and gentlemen, is supplied with a gum slot, a weighing machine, and a music box, so that the people who have foolishly made the mistake of being on time may be amused until the train decides to put in its appearance.

This is "Main Street" in all the sense of the word. It is very steep, also the things sold upon it.

That place which looks like, "get your shoes shined for 5 cents," down in the basement, is the postal telegraph office. It closes business when the operator goes home to his dinner.

That piece of tin you see there around the corner, is the skating rink. People who go there usually see a number of brilliant stars.



The place seems to fascinate little girls who should have higher ideals higher up the street.

That is the "Smokehouse": not the old fashioned kind but the modern.

Maxwell's dry goods store: It is so spacious, a man was lost in it the other day and had to ask his way out.

Here you see the Five and Ten Cent store where everything from a hair rat to a pie tin is sold for five or ten cents.

To your left is the Public Square. If this were summer, you would see it packed, like a box of sardines, with the noblemen of Mansfield.

That is the Orphium, the home of vaudeville and a model theatre.

Before you, you see the massive Southern Hotel, chief attraction, Sunday dinners, beginning with soup and ending with I . . . scream.

Now we are on Park Avenue West, emphasis on West. It is the Grand Boulevard of Mansfield with street cars running on it for the convenience of the people.

Don't be frightened, ladies. That is not a raid; it is simply a crowd of High School girls discussing the topics of the day.

Yes, that imposing structure we are nearing is the High School. The inmates call it the "West Side Pen." And that person you now see coming from the building, wildly running his hands through his hair, is not demented. He is the principal in the "Hall of Fame," composed of pedagogues. From his countenance you can readily see he is a firm advocate of Quaker Oats.

That cloud of smoke you see floating in the air is the fragrant perfume of tobacco, emitted from a few boys. Smoking during school hours is positively prohibited so they pipe up before and after. Whenever a stranger comes to town and sees this, he sends in a fire alarm but it really doesn't matter for it gives the fire horses a chance to exercise.

From the large number of churches you have seen you probably have arrived at the conclusion that this is a very church-like town.

Do you see those queer looking persons there, with those very large heads? They are the sophomores. The disease is not serious; it is only temporary.

Luna Park: Some people think it derived its name from the lunatics that go on their maddening way around the roller coaster.

Well, we are now at the end of our journey. We take another route back. For fifty cents you may see beautiful Mansfield through a megaphone. It is a wonderful town (I mean city). All out!

MYRTLE E. HAMLIN.

Ethics of the High School

WHAT does ethics mean? Well, it means morals and manners. A High School or college sends its graduates out into the world with only a written warrant that they are presentable intellectually, yet its unwritten purpose is as much moral as mental, one of its greatest hopes is to stamp its graduates with a good moral tone. One may graduate from a High School and not have a finished education or even be a good scholar but if he has good morals and backbone enough to uphold those morals he surely has accomplished something.

One of the first things to be spoken of is the chewing of gum. Mark Twain, upon visiting a school, where everyone seemed to be chewing gum, remarked what a pity it was that all the energy involved in the chewing was wasted and could not be transformed into electrical energy, for there would be a current produced great enough to heat the building or at least to illuminate it. Well, everyone does not chew gum in our High School, but don't you think we could furnish, at times anyway, the electromotive force for a sixteen candle power light?

Is there enough respect shown to teachers? Don't you hear, for example, Hall instead of Mr. Hall pretty often? Are not our teachers our superiors and should they not be treated with ordinary politeness at least?

And then why must so many boys smoke? Is it because "boys must be boys" or "a boy must sow his wild oats?" Are we not old enough in the High School to know what is right and to have courage enough to do it? Everyone knows that smoking is not good for a person physically, weakens his mental ability and is a disgusting habit.

If we think over the manners and morals of the High School we are all able to recognize our faults and our good qualities, for instance consider our manners in the school room, halls, and on the street.

We human beings cannot be perfect but we can do our best. There is nothing that has a greater influence on the grade pupils than the behavior of the High School pupils. They consider the High School pupils their superiors in knowledge and in many other ways, so they look to them, to a great extent for their models. For this reason alone we should "do our best, our very best and do it every day"—not excepting week days.

Milton defines a complete and generous education as that which will fit a man for any position in life, public or private, in peace or in war. Can anyone do this without good morals? Even if few of us, perhaps none, ever shine in the world's history let us at least do our best in raising the ethics of the old Mansfield High School to the highest place possible.

BY A SENIOR.



HIGH SCHOOL EXCELSIOR
By Rebekah MacDaniel.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through the High School building passed,
A maid who bore 'mid groans and sighs,
Her school-books which did symbolize
 Hard Study.

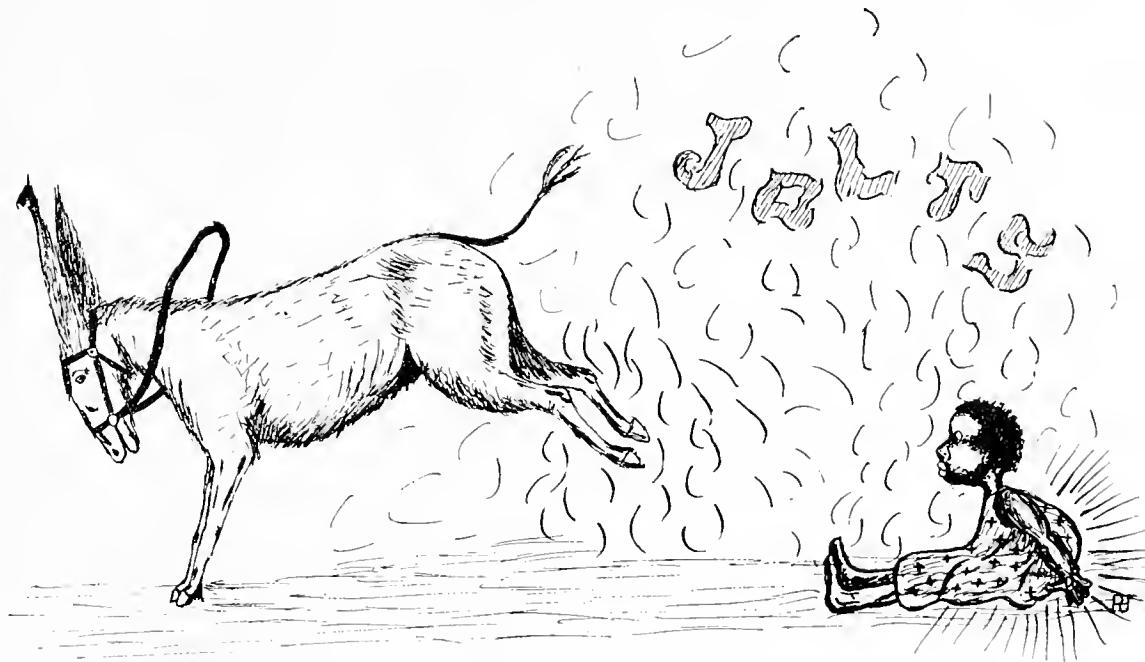
Her brow was sad; her gaze forlorn:
“Dear me,” sighed she, “Why was I born?”
Oh, what doth cause this maid to weep
And groan and sigh and stamp her feet?
 Hard Study.

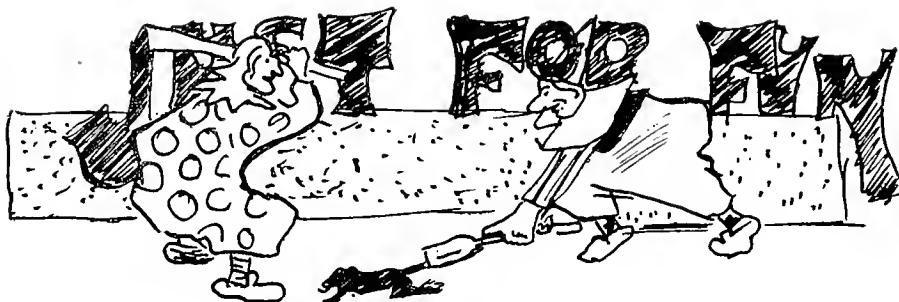
“Shirk not your tasks,” the teacher said,
“They must be done e'er you can wed:
“What makes great kings and presidents?
“What makes the preacher's eloquence?”
 “Hard Study.”

“Oh, stay!” another said, “and go
“With me tonight to see the show.”
A tear stood in her bright blue eye,
But still she answered with a sigh:
 “Must Study.”

At break of day, the servant found
The school-girl with her head all bound;
Her fingers spattered with her ink;
Her forehead wrinkled up to think:
 With Study.

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Sleeping, but beautiful, she lay;
And from her lips, there seemed to come
Those direful words—so troublesome—
 “Must Study.”





"Smile a smile;
While you smile
Another smiles,
And soon there's miles
And miles
Of smiles,
And life's worth while
If you but smile."

Within that awful volume lies the mystery of mysteries.

—Miss Swaim's demerit book.

"Soprano, basso, even the contralto wished it five fathoms under
the Rialto."

—M. H. S. piano.

How long, Oh Lord, how long.

—Cæsar class.

The trumpet once more will sound at general doom.

—June exams.

With tears in her eyes Miss Moore, "although she loved the boy," was forced to give him one demerit.

I wish Ben Tillman had heard my speech.—PHILIP WARE.

"How did you know that A. K. Allen was a teacher?"
"Didn't you see me look into his eyes?"
"Yes."
"I could see his pupils."

Unlike most people, William Hammett does not care to keep the
Wolf(e) from the door

I've got a case on lots of girls
Whose names I will not mention.
But Lois is my latest case;
Now she gets my attention.

—J. COLWELL.

I like all the fellows and of course they all like me.
—E. KNITTLE.

Hazel Hedges, Ellen McLean and Helen Hossler all like the Daffodil.

The dear girls are mad at me because I flirt.
—R. MILLER.

The man who seeks one girl in life and but one
May hope to win her before life be done.
But he who seeks all girls wherever he goes
Only reaps from the love which around him he sows
A bachelorhood.

R. VOSE.

WHAT WE KNOW THEM BY

Edward Abbott	Pete
John Harris	Dutch
Margaret Ritter	Peggy
Walter Palmer	Yaddo
Curtis Williams	Timor
Bernice Dowdle	Bananas
Louis Brunk	Blubber
Walter Griesinger	Heine
Don Maglott	Dugan
Nellie Mecklem	Ned
York Dirlam	Pork
Ralph Miller	Dogglevance
Dora Potter	Dody
Herbert Jones	Tubby
Louis Dill	Maje
Howard Leppo	Chick
Ralph Twitchell	Grinny
Rex Gilbert	Gobo
Eugene Ward	Drowsy Dugan
Josephine Lemon	Jig
Carson Branch	Porter
David Brucker	Honk
Dan Wolff	Weary Willie
Everett Runyan	Babe

Walter Oswalt	Pumpkin
Lotta Branch	Sister
Russell Jelliff	Jelly
Helen Steinruck	Happy
Rhea LaDow	Rhear
Walter Austin	Mickey
Harold Horn	Abigail
Nelly Meily	Ted
James Carrigan	Julius
Russel Vose	Kentucky
Guy Creveling	Bolice
Fred Langdon	Fat
Ray Sawhill	Red
Herbert Tappan	Buck

FAVORITES

Marjorie Hurxthal's favorite flower—Sweet Williams.

Bernice Dowdle's favorite trade—Carpenter.

Rex Gilbert's favorite expression—Hipp! Hipp! Hurrah!

Helen Carpenter's favorite color—Brown.

Alma Hegnauer's favorite bakery—Lorentz's.

Earl Termin's favorite month—June.

Fred Langdon's favorite mythological character—Helen of Troy.

Mabel Ward's favorite bible story—Daniel in the Wolff's den.



"What sullen fury clouds his scornful brow?"—MR. HALL.

"Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into dew."—MR. HOLMES.

"Comb down his hair;
Look! look! it stands upright."
—MR. CARPENTER.

They laugh that win—Demerits.

"In notes by distance made more sweet."
—High School Orchestra.

"Girls, you will drive me mad with your cases. I know I'm good looking but I can't help it."—J. WENDLING.

The pride of the Freshman class.

—JUD COLWELL and WILL IRWIN.

If you would wish for fame in the land
Please rise.

If you would like the world to command
Please rise.

If you would enter the land of rest
And have a house beyond the skies;
If you would dwell in the mansions of rest
Please rise.—MR. ALLEN.

A schoolgirl so modest that she would not do "improper fractions."
—MARIE WEIL.

PREACHER—"My mission is saving boys."
BLANCH MILLER—"Save a few for me."

"Never any marvelous story,
But himself could tell a greater."
(HERBERT FRASER in History.)

"There is no creature loves me."—JEANETTE CARPENTER.

Mr. Bellingham in music: "I want the ears of all the pupils of the school."

I'm called the little buttercup.—MARY PIPER.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel'es as ithers see us."—ROBERT BURNS.

Ralph Miller has already ordered the bouquet he is to carry at commencement.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my school days,
 When fond recollection presents them to view;
 The studyrooms, office and principal jolly,
 And each loving teacher which we scholars knew,
 The ink wells, so precious we never dared move them,
 The long winding stairways where Freshmen oft' fell;
 The restroom so cozy, the German room nigh it,
 And e'en that red book we all knew so well;
 That cute little book, that red covered book,
 The Book of Demerits the teachers loved well.



OUR SONGSTERS AND THEIR FAVORITE SONGS

Josephine, My Jo—Ray Sawhill.

Dearie—Ralph Miller.

Tapping (Tappan) at the Garden Gate—Dorothy Shonfield

Oh! I'm de Leadin' Lady ob de Town—Florence Coss.

Yankee Doodle Boy—Norman Stoodt.

I'd Be a Star—Helen DePue.

Dixie—Hazel Hedges.

I'm in Love with the Slide Trombone—Clare McElhinney.

In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree—York and Marguerite.

Slumberland—Don Willis.

Happy Heine—C. Williams.

Forgotten—M. Hurxthal.

The King of the Deep Am I—C. Gates.

You Couldn't Hardly Notice Them at All—Freshmen.

SCHOOL STATISTICS

If all the corduroy used in the trousers of the boys of the Mansfield High School, were put into one piece, it would cover a foot-ball as large as the High School with twelve feet allowed for seams.

The amount of gum chewed by the girls in thirty-six hours, twenty-five minutes would be enough to stick it together. The amount of wind needlessly thrown away by the teachers in one day of teaching, would blow the ball up, and the energy used in walking to the office for excuses would send the ball to the moon.

Who said that was a foul?

R. Vose to Ruth Finfrock in German:—"Allow me to hold your pulse."

SOPH'S NEW PROPOSITION

Given: Latin and Geometry.

To Prove: That one of them must kill us.

PROOF.

1. Ashes to ashes.
2. Dust to dust.
3. If Latin don't kill us
4. Geometry must.

STRANGER—(watching small boys in front of High School)—"Have you a Kindergarten connected with this school?"

PROF. HALL—"No those are some of the Freshmen."

WANTED—A man on a farm. Must speak German and French and understand horses and cows.

Tho' the love that I owe,
To thee I dare na show;
Yet I love thee in secret,
My dear Hedley, O.—MARY CAVE.

When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

—LUELLA FINNEY.



The poorest use of time is to spend it counting the minutes.

—DON MAGLOTT.

MISS RUESS—"Is that thunder?"

BOY—Oh, no. It is Marjorie Hershey falling downstairs."

MISS SIMPSON—"What is the meaning of shuttlecock?"

MARJORIE H.—"A rooster."

MISS S.—"Where are the Hebrides?"

RALPH M.—"In the lower regions."

Her hair is red,
Her eyes are blue,
Her smile is sweet,
Her heart is true.

RUSSEL speaking of MARY B.

TELL IT TO ME.

When did Don Willis get that tired feeling?

Did Hazel Hammett enjoy the basket ball games?

Who in Detroit sends those dainty letters to D. Brucker?

Why don't Ralph Miller play on the girls' basket ball team?

Why it is that E. Runyon can never recite German?

Why is it that so many fellows get such fierce cases on me (especially Juniors).

E. MCLEAN.

TO SENIORS:

"Up! up! my friend and quit your books
Or surely you'll grow double:
Up! up, my friend, and clear your looks,
Why all this toil and trouble."

TO FRESHMEN:

This life were but a dreary dream
Without such little spots of green.

Oh for a man, a man,
A mansion in the sky.

—LUELLA F.

"Remote, unfriendly melancholy, slow."—DAVID BRUCKER.

"I want to be an angel."—ROGER AU.

"God bless the man who invented sleep."—HERMAN HARRIS.

"I am a sweet faced youth."—RUSSEL JELLIFF.

"Perhaps he'll grow."—ALBERT ERNST.

WANTED

A few high chairs for some of the Freshman boys.
 Someone to get my lessons for me—J. Strock
 A bottle of Horlick's Malted Milk for W. Harbeson.
 Something to keep M. Hawkins from falling to sleep in school.

A lass
 A lad
 The spooning fad
 Two chairs in the old board room
 A vow
 A kiss
 The lass they miss
 It all ends, oh, so soon.—JOSEPHINE and RAY.



Notice!
 These are not wings.

M. H. S. LIBRARY

The Rivals—Guy C. and Ralph M.
 Spenders—M. H. S. Boys?
 Sweet Girl Graduate—Ruby Howenstine.
 Sandy—Stanley Young.
 Lovey Mary—Mary Cave.
 The Ancient Mariner—Mr. Hall.
 The Crisis—June Exams.
 The Virginian—Walter Griesinger.
 The First Violin—Grace Baughman.

Lavender and Old Lace—Miss Simpson.
 The Strenuous Life—Seniors.
 Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm—Jessie Mentzer.
 The Princess Passes—Miss Swaim.
 Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow—Edward Abbot.
 The Man from Glengary—Herbert Fraser.
 The House of Mirth—Physics Lab.
 Bitter Sweet—Estella Ralston.
 The Lamp Lighter—Walter Armstrong.
 Fair Women—'07 Girls.
 The Castle of Indolence—Editorial Room.
 Lay of The Last Minstrel—Rex Gilbert.
 Reveries of a Bachelor—Mr. Holmes.
 The Tatler—Demerit Book.
 Tillie—A Mennonite Maid—Mary Engwiler.
 Confessio Amantis—Eugene W. and Clare Mc.
 The Complete Angler—Jacob Brown.
 The Advancement of Learning—Faculty.
 The Tempest—Mary DeYarmon.
 Much Ado About Nothing—Senior Class Meetings.

"Her voice was ever soft and low."—Mary DeYarmon.

"Blest be the tie that binds."—Margaret Tanner and Alverda Armstrong.

Oh, I would be a butterfly,
 And speed out o'er the lea,
 But most of all what I would like
 Is to be an Early B.

—H. Hammett.

He loves, she loves,
 Both love still
 They love, who love?
 Ellen and Dill.

THE ORACLE

There poor little Freshy don't cry,
 They are making fun I know,
 And you fell down stairs and it isn't fair to make fun of
 a Freshman so.

But Freshman trials will soon pass by,
 There little Freshman don't cry.

There little Soph. don't cry,
 You have flunked in Latin I know,
 And last year's high grades like a rainbow fades
 And you're awfully blue I know,
 But soon as a Junior you will fly,
 There little Soph. don't cry.

There sturdy Junior don't cry,
 You've got fifty demerits I know,
 And they don't treat you right and your grades are
 a sight,
 And you're "down in the mouth" I know,
 But a Junior's 9 months will soon pass by,
 There sturdy Junior don't cry.

There down-trodden Senior don't cry,
 You're in an awful fix I know,
 Your Physics is dumb and you're most awfully glum,
 And you're not sure you'll graduate I know,
 But soon it's all over, and you'll heave your last sigh,
 There down trodden Senior don't cry.

(With apologies to James Whitcomb Riley.)

Abbott

Cave

POtter

Miller

BEvens

Dew

De**Y**armon

TOdd

Finney

Endly

Runyon

Reynolds

Br**O**wn

Remy

Saubrey

Fiedler

Leemon

Irwin

Ritter

Rober**T**s

Shireman

Sawhill

Price

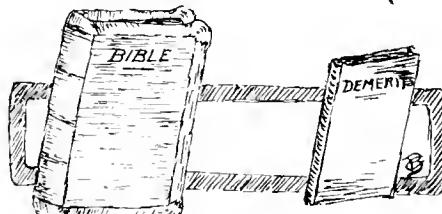
Oswalt

Roop

Tappan

Super

Two Good Books,



There was a Senior named Jake.
At yelling he took the cake.

At a basket ball game
He yelled himself lame
And had many a pain and ache.
Then Prof. Carpenter spake,
About not yelling, with Jake.

He said that the boys
Who made so much noise
Would be better if thrown in the lake.

The early bird catches the worm.
But the late ones the demerits.

"Distance lends enchantment" to Mr. Bellinghams accompaniments
in the auditorium.

Cube H and expand.

H₃ H. H. H.—Harold H. Horn.—ABIGAIL McGINTY.

A bursting forth from greenness,
A waking as from sleep.

—Freshmen entering Sophomore class.

Most things go to the buyer; but coal goes to the cellar.

Mary had a little pony,
Its color was dark gray;
She left it lying on the desk,
By mistake one day.
Now to have a pony
Is against the rule,
So Mary is no more found
In our dear High School.

HERMAN H.—"Father, may I go to the minstrel show with Willie Homespun?"

FATHER—"Naw, 'taint more'n a month since you left the farm to t'top of the hill to see the eclipse of the moon. 'Pears to me yew wanter be on the go the hull time."



What class are you in?
I'm in the B class 'cause I got hives.

RULES FOR CENTRAL PARK

"Couples making love will beware of the rubber plant."

"While driving through the park don't speak to the horses. They carry tales."

"All animals are not in cages. There are some dandelions on the lawn."

ROBERT BURNS (in Physics)—"I don't know what *pose* means."

MR. C.—"Well, you ought to. You do it enough."

Right this way to the Physics Laboratory.

Fine entertainments!

Specialties introduced between each act.

BARBER—"Well, do you want a hair cut?"

MR. HALL—"No, I guess I'll have them all cut."

B.—"Very good. That will cost you fifty cents."

MR. H.—"Why your sign reads 'first class hair cut 25 cents.'"

B.—"Yes, I know, but your hair is not first class."



Our Football Team

HIS SIDE OF IT

I'm stuck on Hazel,
She's as cute as she can be,
But for Senior functions
Mary'll Dew for me.

—REX.

There is just one girl with whom I spark
And I'll tell you her name if you'll keep it dark;
She's the only girl for whom I care,
Gee! I hate to tell it, but her name is Clare.

—EUGENE.

I like Mary
And I like Maude;
Also for Mabel
My love's not a fraud.
But I'm not going
To tie myself down
To any one girl
In this here town.

—DAN.

Now I haven't been going with the girls very much,
And with society girls I'm just getting in touch;
But the first one to me, that Cupid pointed out
Was Miss Gladys Mengert without a doubt.

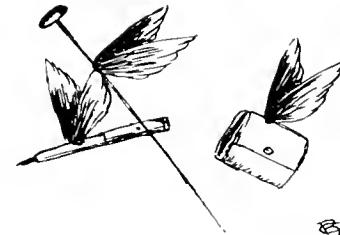
—TODDIE.

Now I never had a case or never will
For cases run up too much of a bill:
• But I call on a girl every once in a while
'Cause I always liked Fanny Roberts' smile.

—ABBOTT.

It's hard to tell who my crush is
For I try to make that my private biz;
But if you're going to get hot and the editor hotter,
Just say for me that my case is Potter.

—BURNS.



Things That Take Wings.

I'm the boy that to others would seem
Fairly infatuated with Josephine;
I am a Senior, a Junior is she,
But after school's out real lovers we'll be.

—RAY S.

Say! I've got a crush,
But I s'pose it won't last,
For I've had some hard luck
In the far, far past.
Now I go to see Helen (C)
And they say there's no tellin'
Where I'll stop if I don't suit her Dad.

—JAKE.

Some of these evenings a few of us boys
Are going to the country and take our "joys;"
We're going to see an old fashioned spellin'
And of course you know that I'll take Helen.

—DILL.

I've had a hard time all thru life,
A trippin' long the road of strife;
And of all my cases each came to naught,
And ever and anon a new one I've sought.
But I'm willin' now, to pile up pledges,
That my latest case is Hazel Hedges.

—GRAY.

T H E O R A C L E

When I get big, I'm going to be a fireman,
And if I get a chance I'll marry Shireman.

—LANGDON.

Now I'm pretty good when it comes to flirtin'
And 'twixt me and my girl you can't draw the curtain.
To me she is a genuine "patty"
Tell you I think lots of my black eyed Hattie.

—COOKE.

I have more mashes than all the rest.
My latest mash I consider the best.
Life is easy with four studies to carry
And nothing to do but love my Mary (B.).

—VOSE.

I never call my girl "my crush"
For we're not the kind that's soft as mush.
But to you I'll say "Bange is my steady,"
And to go some place she's always ready.

—YORK

With Katherine Baxter I've made a hit
And I go up to see her quite a bit.

—GUY C.

"And now," said the editor, "On behalf
Of our wise and jubilant annual staff
I think with this verse I had best interfere
Lest you drawl it out over half a year.



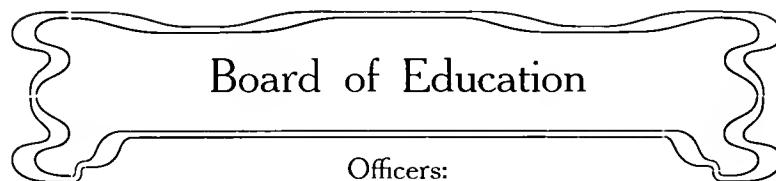
The End



First prize for Drawing	CARSON BRANCH
Second prize for Drawing	RIO JUDSON
Prize for Cartoons	KATHERINE HURXTHAL
First prize for Story	KATHLEEN WILLIS
Second prize for poem	REBEKAH MACDANIEL
First prize for Jolts	EUGENE WARD
Second prize for Jolts	MABEL HAMMETT



Drawing Room.



President CHARLES W. FRITZ

Clerk JOHN E. NELSON

Treasurer C. H. HUGHES (ex-officio)

Superintendent C. L. VANCLEVE

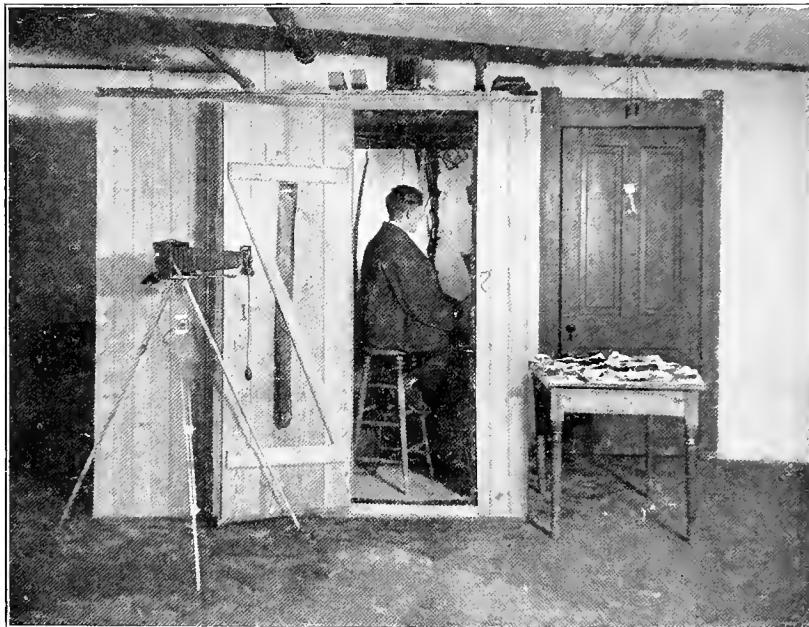
EZRA S. CLELAND

CHARLES BUSHNELL

REV. DAVID J. MEESE

ED. G. LEMON

W. C. MOWREY



Photographic Department—Basement.



Maude Cunningham
Literary Editor



J. R. Brown
Business Manager



Zoda Greenlee
Art Editor

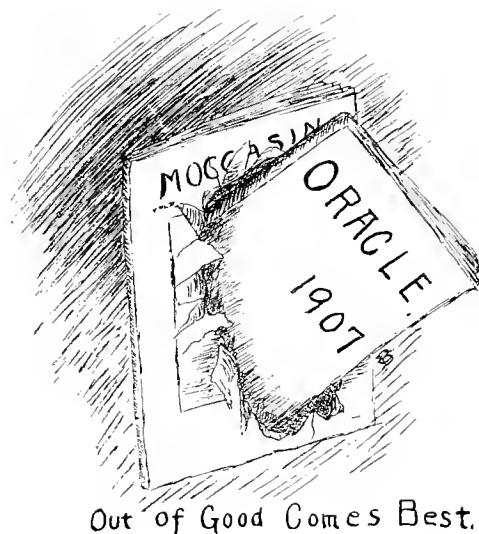


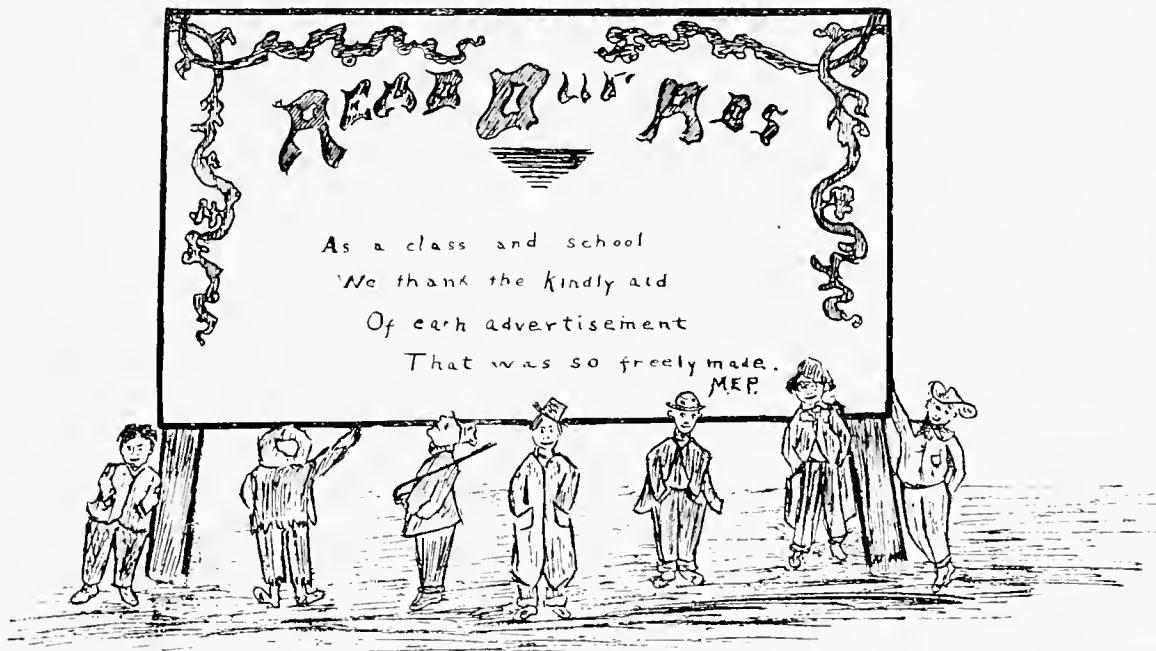
Mabel H. Ward
Editor-in-Chief



Nellie Mecklem
Grind Editor

Advisory Board:
Mr. Austin K. Allen
Mr. Clifford D. Carpenter





The Mertz-
Kirkpatrick

Walk-Over Boot Shop

Commencement Slippers and Pumps

\$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50

GRAY'S FINE SHOES



The Albrecht Lapham Clothing Co.

THE ONE PRICE STORE

ALL NEW GOODS

CORNER FOURTH AND MAIN

“Varsity” Hand-Tailored

Suits and Overcoats

Hart, Schaffner & Marx make

Sold only by
FREUNDLICH'S

Corner of Public Square

If you want anything in the
ATHLETIC LINE
go to

RITTERS No. 77
North Main Street

Headquarters for a full line of
BASE BALL
and **TENNIS SUPPLIES**

The One Up-to-Date

In all Branches of



The Shoe Business

Heavy Lemon

The Foot
Fitter ::

Today.

Lives of some great men remind us
That we will, if we are wise,
Leave our modesty behind us
And get out and advertise.

TEACHER.—"Name the organs of digestion."
WILLIE.—"Teeth."

T.—"What kind of organs are the teeth?"
W.—"Grind organs."

WANTED.—A man to handle dynamite in a match factory.
A splendid chance to raise.

FOR SALE.—An automobile by a man with a tank holding
ten gallons.

A bear was killed by a boy nine feet long.

For
High-Grade
Tailoring

At the right price see

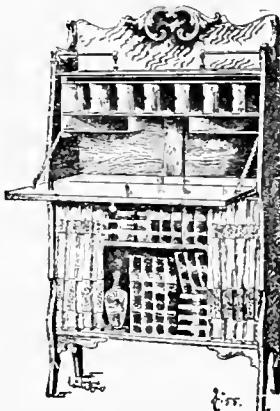
John H. Miller

48 W. Fourth Street



Lady Agents Wanted Everywhere.

Valuable premiums easily earned
by a few hours work selling our Teas, Spices,
Baking Powder, Flavoring Extracts, Toilet
Soaps, Perfumes, Etc. Ladies can get a fine
Dinner Set, Toilet Set, Parlor Lamp, Couch,
Rocking Chair, Parlor Suit, Gold Watch, Clock,
Iron Bed with Springs and Mattress, Side Board,
Sewing Machine, Ladies' Desk, Folding Bed,
Extension Table, Wardrobe, Cupboard, Lace
Curtains, or choice of any other premium
free. Write today for particulars. Outfit free.



Great Atlantic Tea Co., Mansfield, O.

What did you learn in college?
Foot ball, base ball and high ball.

What makes you so foolish?
I used to sleep under a crazy quilt.

Where was Solomon's temple?
On the side of his head.

Brother Bill never had much schooling, he just picked things up as he went along. When he came out of school we had to put mustard plasters on him to make him smart. Bill used to be a chauffeur; he was always on the toot.

SMITH.—“In Mexico people die very often.”

JONES.—“In the United States they only die once.”

Call and see the New Styles in

Straw Hats

and

Summer Shirts

at

H. E. Cave's

65 NORTH MAIN STREET

Tickets

found in

Nonpareil and Victor

Flour Sacks are good for premiums. Save them and bring them to the City Mills.

Gilbert & Company

“THE DAYLIGHT CASH STORE”

We are showing
the finest lines of

Shirtwaist Suits
Shirtwaists and
Summer Millinery

Ever brought together in Mansfield.

BE SURE AND SEE THESE STOCKS.

L A N T Z

Pickering & Jelliff

Leading Jewelers



Headquarters for

Watches, Diamonds, Signet Rings, Fobs, Bracelets, Fine
Combs, Lockets and Chains and High School

SOUVENIR SPOONS

DON'T FAIL TO SEE OUR
DISPLAY BEFORE BUYING

Corner of Third and Main Streets.

The Big 4 Shoe Company

A specially fine line of White
Oxfords and Pumps.

An elegant line of Black Oxfords and boots at popular prices.

All lasts, all styles, all leathers,
all toes and we invite you all to
see them.

Successors to The Keiser Shoe Co.

Corner 4th and Main Streets.



A Summer Romance.

Summer maiden.
Summer fellow.

Full of fun.
Chapter One.

Moonlight evening.
Tender topics.

Naught to do.
Chapter Two.

Sparkling diamond.
Ever cherished.

Love will be.
Chapter Three.

August passes.
Likewise diamond.

Girl no more.
Chapter Four.

Young man wakens.
Love next season?

Heart to mend.
NO! The End.

EXTRA

Old Government Mocha and Java Coffee

In 1-lb. tins at 35 cents per pound.

STULDREHER & SON

Both Phones 21

FOR HIGH-GRADE
AND UP-TO-DATE
BUGGIES
AND
HARNESS
SEE
HOWARD MILLER.

Northeast Corner Square

KALER'S
is the only place to get your
ICE CREAM or SODA

Our goods are pure and wholesome.

Orders delivered to any part of the city.

Special prices for Lawn Fêtes and Socials.

Kaler's Candy Kitchen
Both Phones

If you want

the
best
Photographs

go to

POTTER
13½ North Park Street

EYE STRAIN



Many suffer the effects and never dream their eyes are defective because they "can see so well." Granulated Lids, Styes, "Sore-eyes," as well as Dizzy Spells, Stomach Trouble, Constipation and nervous twitchings—constant blinking—are symptoms and can be relieved under the new method without the use of drugs by



D R . G . W . P L A T T

Neu-rol-o-gist

T H I R D A N D M A I N S T R E E T S

Koch & Fisher Co.

Sole Agents for Spalding's

Athletic Goods

TEACHER.—"Name a group of islands on the coast of Scotland."

WILLIE.—"The Bridegrooms,"

T.—"The Bridegrooms?"

W.—"Well, the He-brides. That's the same thing, ain't it?"

JINKS.—"How did you like it in Germany, Mr. Brush?"

BRUSH.—"I didn't like it at all. I got tired of being called 'Herr Brush.'"

Here, beneath this pile of stones,
Lies the body of Mary Jones,
Her name was Smith, it was not Jones;
But Jones is used to rhyme with stones.

Realistic.—An art-school student recently painted a picture of a dog under a tree, so life-like that it was impossible to distinguish the bark of the tree from that of the dog.

Do you wish to purchase

A Home,
Building Lot,
Stocks or
Bonds

Or, do you wish to sell? If so, see me.

G. W. BAHL, Broker.
BLYMYER BUILDING Both Phones.

Richland County Fair
Mansfield, Ohio, September 24 to 27, 1907

Special Attractions

Good Racing each day

Children's Day, Friday

T H E 2 7 T H

All Children 12 years and under admitted free on
Children's Day. W. H. GIFFORD, Sec'y.
MANSFIELD, OHIO.

The Best Photos

in the city are those latest ones
shown at the

Burkholder Studio.

TEXAS PANHANDLE

Great Opportunities
for Investment. - -

Money invested positively doubled.

PULLMAN TRAIN 1st and 2nd Tuesday each month.

See Howard S. Twitchell,

May Building.

Bell Phone 573-W.

Mansfield Phone 871-L.

Success.

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much;
Who has gained the trust of pure women and the love of little children;
Who has filled his niche and accomplished his task;
Who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved flower, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul;
Who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it;
Who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had;
Whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction.



Vonhof—
Barber Shop

Hot and Cold
Baths. : : : :

Vonhof Hotel Basement.



Ice Cream Soda

A long, ice-cold glass of Ice Cream Soda drawn just right and served in paper thin glasses at a scrupulously clean fountain is the ideal thirst quencher for a hot day.

All Flavors at our fountain.

LUCAS BROS.'

The Unrivaled 5c Cigar

Rigby's Dolly Dollars.

MATERIAL:—

The very finest selected, specially blended tobacco.

WORKMANSHIP:—

Philadelphia hand made by the most expert cigar makers.

SIZE:—

Not too large, or too small, just right.

The Pink of Perfection

Maud Muller Paraphrased.

Maud Muller on a summer day, says an exchange, with her fellow ran away; in a benzine touring car, scooting for a preacher far. Maud's father saw the fleeting pair, smelled the benzine scented air; caught a mule whose name was Jane, and galloped down the dusty lane; the mobile very swiftly ran but burned the oil all out the can. The motor stopt upon a hill, but Jane ran on just fit to kill. Alas for maid, alas for man, alas for empty benzine can. Maud's daddy on the old gray mule, came and took her off to school. The mule nigh wrecked the benzine cart; the feller died of a broken heart. The moral of this tale so sad: Don't steal the girl; go ask her dad.

Mary had a little lamb,
And when she saw it sicken,
She sold it to a Chicago man,
And now it's labeled chicken.

WANTED.—A woman to do housework. She must wash every week.

When I was a boy father taught me a good deal about astronomy. When he took down the strap I knew that meant there was going to be spots on the son.

Two little girls were comparing progress in catechism study: "I've got to original sin," said one. "How far have you got?"

"Me? Oh, I'm way beyond redemption."

WE AIM TO PLEASE THE PUBLIC.

Our Stock of China, Kitchenware, Chandeliers, Gas Goods

of all kinds, etc., always consists of the latest up-to-date articles at the very LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

We are SOLE AGENTS for the New Method Gas Ranges and Eclipse Coal Stoves

both made here at home, and the WORLD'S BEST

F. CROUSE & SON.
NORTH PARK STREET.

Plumbing—Tinning—Furnaces a Specialty.

F. W. Frankeberger

W. S. Bradford

The Saratoga

78 North Main Street

Headquarters for all
High Grade Cigars
and
Smokers' Articles.

A full line of
Pipes of all grades.

Special attention given to repair work.

The finest equipped
Billiard and Pool Parlor
in Central Ohio.

Bowling Alleys in connection.

Here I Am!
J. W. BAKER,
The Insurance Man
26 North Main Street, Mansfield, Ohio.

Fire Companies I Represent:—
TEUTONIA INSURANCE COMPANY, of New Orleans, La.
GLENN'S FALLS, New York.
NORTHWESTERN UNDERWRITERS AGENCY,
FIRE UNDERWRITERS NATIONAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
ALLEMANIA.
NATIONAL, PA.

Fire, Tornado, Rental Burglary, Life, Plate Glass and Accident Insurance.—Surety Bonds.—Real Estate and Loans.—Houses to Rent.—Rents Collected.—Property taken care of. Your patronage solicited.

.....

LEROY PARSONS
Insurance and Loans
MANSFIELD, OHIO

.....

If you like Dressy Footwear—
Just a little newer in Style—
Just a little snappier in Effect—
Just a little better in Quality—
Just a little easier Fitting—
than any other shoe, try our

King Quality
for young men and our
Pingree-Made
for young ladies
GIVE US A LOOK.
HELD & OBERLIN
19 East Fourth Street

Summer Size.

CLERK.—“What kind of a hammock do you want, Miss?”

SUMMER GIRL—“Oh, a little one. Just about big enough for one—but—er—strong enough for two.”

AT THE FAIR.—“Give me the lunch-basket, wifey. Don't you see we are sure to lose each other in this crowd?”

...No Errors...

THAT'S THE RESULT OF USING

R E A C H

Base ball Gloves and Mitts. They fit the hand, they fit the ball. We would like to show you.

The Wagner Hardware
Company
WHOLESALE AGENTS

Wappner Bros.

High Grade of Furniture

Funeral Directors

20 South Park Street

Mansfield Phone 1038Y

Bell Phone 573R

F. DOOLITTLE,

DENTIST

MANSFIELD, OHIO.

Over Blymyer's Stove Store.

Both Phones.

PERFUMES -

New and
Up-to-Date
at ——,

Hursh's Drug Store

Corner Fourth and Diamond Streets.

An Epitaph.

Here lies the body of Susan Lowder
Who burst while drinking Seidlitz
powder.
Called from this world to her heavenly
rest,
She should have waited till it effervesced.

The night was growing old
As she trudged through snow and sleet;
Her nose was long and cold,
And her shoes were full of feet.

The sorry world is sighing now;
La Gripp is at the door;
And many folks are dying now
Who never died before.

George Washington chopped cherry trees
When they were young and thin:
But Abraham Lincoln split up logs
When they were tough as sin.

HOWELL—"Do you see that old fellow
under the tree?"

POWELL—"Yes."

HOWELL—"He was born in 1816."

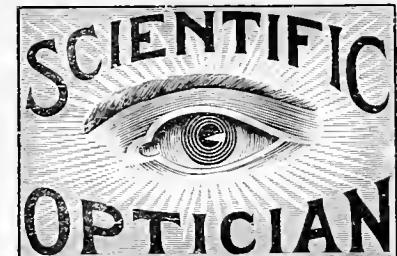
POWELL—"I see; a case of ninety in
the shade."

PAT—"How d'ye spell puppy, Dinnis?"

DENNIS—"That's aisy. p-u-p, pup;
p-y, py."

PAT—"Don't try to be funny. P-wipy
endade? There's no sich letter in the book
as wipy."

S. ENGWILLER,



Eyes Examined,
Glasses Fitted,
Prescriptions Filled,
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

98 N. Main St.

Near Post Office.

MANSFIELD, OHIO.

The High-Class

HARBERDASHERS.

We have the exclusive styles.

HATS, CRAVATS, FURNISHINGS.
TRUNKS and LEATHER GOODS,
RAIN COATS, OVER COATS,
FANCY WAISTCOATS,

We make clothes to measure.

Marshall & Reynolds,

79 North Main St.

For W. L. Douglass
\$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00
Shoes

See J. Doerman,

Corner Park Ave. W. and S. Main St.

SETH G. CUMMINGS.
CURTIS E. McBRIDE.
NORMAN M. WOLFE.

Cummings, McBride
& Wolfe,

Attorneys-at-Law,

9½ North Main St.

MANSFIELD, OHIO.

S. M. Douglass,
Harry M. Bell,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
May Building.

LEO BECK, Director.
Violin.

JAS. WENDLING,
Cornet.

Motto: Prices to Suit Our Patrons.
Music to Suit the Dancers.

The Aeolian Orchestra

BEN LOEB, Manager.
Clarionet.

R. C. CAMPBELL,
Trombone.

JOHN TODD,
Piano.

"This," remarked Mr. Softe, "is my photograph with my two French poodles. You recognize me, eh?"

"I think so," said Miss Caine. "You are the one with the hat on, are you not?"

It was Gr8.

They dined alone at 8:8
On oysters they dined at 8:8
And he asked his dear K8
To tell him his f8
When they 8 t8-a-t8 at 8:8.

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "that Dr. Fourthly indulges a great deal in hyperbole."

"I've been thinkin' that same thing," replied her hostess. "Land sakes! I should think a man with as much sense as him would leave these French drinks alone."

"All-Surpassing"

Soda Water

Black's Pharmacy

On the Square.

The best line of
FRESH and CURED

M E A T S

in the city is to be found at

Kass Brothers,
14 West Fourth St.

This space was paid for
by a friend of the "Boys"

S. J. Glasener

REAL ESTATE

Room 19 Dickson Building

Brunk & Wolf

Merchant
Tailors.....

No. 12 South Park Street

Dr. James Herbert West

Dentist

Room 19, Dickson Block

Douglas & Mengert

Attorneys-at-Law

Newman Block - - - North Park Street

A.—"When is a person's temperature the lowest?"

B.—When they have cold feet."

The janitor in a small high school in S., who is very conscientious, says he is going to resign his position because they persist in writing on the black boards notices such as: "Find the Least Common Multiple" and "Find the Greatest Common Divisor." He is afraid they will accuse him of stealing them.

Wm. F. Voegle, Jr.

Attorney-at-Law

M. H. S., 1896 33 and 34 Dickson Building

J. H. Eddy

Southern Cigar Stand

Mansfield : : : : : Ohio

The McClelland & Mowrey Company

Largest Distributors of
*Staple and Fancy
Groceries*

in the city.

70 North Main Street

Phones 84

Olin M. Farber

Law Office

Dickson Building

TWO LEADERS

Angle's Lunch Coffee. 25c
Angle's Breakfast Coffee. 20c

John E. Angle
8 and 10 Park Street

We are judged oftentimes by the friends we keep and the stationery we use. If you use - - -

Eaton-Hurlbut Stationery

you may have the satisfaction of knowing that your good judgement is in evidence, and your taste undisputed. We sell it and are pleased to recommend it.

The Caldwell & Bloor Co.

THE QUALITY STORE.

There is satisfaction
in sending your
work where you
know it will be
correctly done.

Union Laundry,

Phone 323.

Two Miles a Minute.

Two miles a minute,
My how we fly!
Swift as a meteor
Streaking the sky.

What is that blur?
Only the trees,
Look at them wave,
My what a breeze!

A honk and a rush,
A flash and a swell;—
What did we hit?
Did somebody yell?

A jar and a scream—
It looked like a horse,
Not telling now,
Kept to the course.

Out of the road;
Give us a show!
Two miles a minute,
My how we go.



THE SMOKEHOUSE

If you are
over 18
drop in.

"Buy a trunk, Pat," said a dealer.
 "What should I buy a trunk for?" rejoined Pat.
 "To put your clothes in," was the reply.
 "And go naked?" explained Pat. "Not a bit of it."

TEACHER.—"Can you name some great man who had an impediment in his speech?"

PUPIL.—"Please, ma'am, George Washington did. He couldn't tell a lie."



The character of a people's amusements point their civil attainments and moral standing.

The best people enjoy the attractions at Luna Park, Mansfield, Ohio, and profit by them.
 G. W. STATLER. Mg'r.
 Northside.

C. L. SCHWIER
 MERCHANT
 TAILOR

HOTEL BRUNSWICK BLOCK
 No. 28 EAST FOURTH STREET

Palace Market
 Full line of
 Fresh and Smoked Meats
 Fish and Game
 in Season
Roth Brothers
 Park Avenue West
 Both Phones

Massa's
NEW IMPERIAL
 5c Straight
Massa Brothers

"What's the difference between vision and sight?"

"See those two girls across the street?"

"Yes."

"Well, the pretty one I would call a vision of loveliness, but the other one—she's a sight."

"Sister, are you happy?"

"Yes, deacon, I feel as though I was in Beelzebub's bosom?"

"Not in Beelzebub's?"

"Well, in some of the patriarchs; I don't care which."

In a Shoe Store.

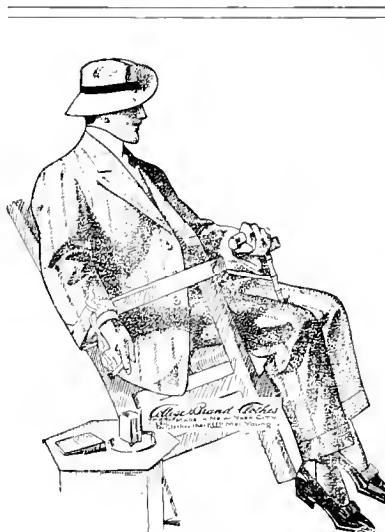
"Have you felt slippers, sir?" she said.
The boy clerk blushed and scratched his head.

Then smiling back, he found his tongue;
"I felt 'em often when I was young."

For Fine Shoes,
Oxfords, Etc., Etc.,

SEE Ed. G. Lemon,

25 N. MAIN ST.



COLLEGE BRAND CLOTHES
are smart enough to make their wearers look smart enough for the degree of B. S.—Bachelor of Style—worn in every college of the land, but made so well that they're seldom worn out. Extreme in style—not price.

*The
College Clothing*

Glenn M. Cummings,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

9½ North Main St.

F. G. DICKMAN,

PRACTICAL PLUMBER AND GAS FITTER.

All kinds of Bathrooms Supplies.

Highest Quality Goods at the Lowest Prices.

66 SOUTH MAIN ST.

Mansfield Phone 1129-J.

H. Harroun & Co.

Carry 10 open stock dinner ware patterns in HAVILAND'S FRENCH CHINA.

See our line of Rock Crystal Glass, something never kept in Mansfield before.

See our new things in Fine Cut Glass.

See the new line of beautiful things in RUSSIAN BRASS GOODS, COFFEE POTS,

~ JARDINIERES,

FERN DISHES,

CANDLE STICKS, Etc.

Moradabud and fine Persian Brass Goods.

27 North Park St.

R. R. Gurney
Insurance

May Building

Both Phones

Lorentz Baking Co.
Fancy and
Staple Bakers

Second and Adams Streets

.....
Cook & Tracy
For Insurance

SAVINGS BANK BUILDING

Fourth and Main Streets

289, Both Phones



FRESHIE (entering barber shop)—“I should like to have my moustache dyed.”

BARBER.—“Certainly, sir. Did you bring it with you?”

The potatoes eyes were filled with tears,
The cabbage hung its head,
And the cook in the kitchen was sorely greived.
For the vinegar's mother was dead.

She smiles and laughs the livelong day,
Pray do not think her simple;
She'll laugh at anything you say.
Because she has a dimple.

KISSANE, the TAILOR
Maker of Men's Fine
Clothing Made to order
• Made to Fit

63½ North Main Street
Over Lucas Bros'. Drug Store

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

**New York Dental
Parlors**

No. 11 West Fourth Street

Byers' Cafe'

No. 14 Park Avenue West

Regular Meals 25 Cents

Richland Electric Co.

Construction Work,
Repairs and Supplies

Corner Third and Walnut Streets

Brucker & Cummins

Attorneys-at-Law,
MAY BUILDING MANSFIELD, OHIO

*The A. S. Baker Studio
Mansfield,
Request the pleasure of your visit to their
Photographic Studio
on
Main Street, No. 93, Mansfield,
any day during 1902.*

*New styles of finished photos, new folders, new cards, new ideas and all the best in photography
will be shown.*

This is the studio where the best photos and best finished work comes from in Mansfield.



**12/15/2008
153155 15 00**



HF GROUP-IN

